

THE CAMP GROUND,

OR

INJUNCTIONS A SPECIALTY.



A PLAY,

In Four Acts,

BY G. W. FIELD,

Author of "A Treatise on Private Corporations"—"A
Treatise on the Law of Damages," etc., etc.

[Dramatised from a Story by the Author, in press.]



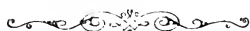
POTSDAM:

ST. LAWRENCE HERALD PRINT.

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P. 50

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1858, by George Washington Field, in the office of the Librarian at Washington.]

CHARACTERS:

LOUIS MARSILE, an old man, and a French refugee.
JOSEPHINE, his daughter.
HENRY WESTCOTT, a Captain in the Patriot War.
THOMAS SLAUGHTER, a lawyer of New York.
A. DOLITTLE, his partner.
GOODDAY
HANSOME
WING and
De LANIERE } their clients.
MRS. SLAUGHTER, wife of S.
SUSAN and
JANE } his daughters.
THADEUS DUMONT, a wealthy citizen of New York.
MRS. DUMONT, his wife.
LOUIS NAPOLEAN, his son.
GEORGE WASHINGTON PHILBRICK, } Companions
NAPOLEON VAN DUSEN. } of Louis
LEONIDAS HUMBOLT JONES, } Phillippe.
MR. FIELDING, a retired gentleman of wealth in N. Y.
MRS. " his wife.
LENA " his daughter.
STELLA " his niece.
REV. Mr. LOVEWELL, a Methodist Clergyman.
WEBB, an actor.
WHITNEY, an old Naval Officer.
SKEN-SO-WA-NE, an Indian girl.
Minstrels, Soldiers, Officers, Servants, and Citizens.

TMP 56-006655

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in the cottage of Louis Marsile, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Josephine Marsile, aged 18, in the dress of a peasant girl, sitting at the table in meditation, her arm upon the table and her head resting upon her hand. Period, 1837. Enter Henry Westcott, a young man in the uniform of an infantry Captain, and embraces and kisses Josephine.*

Westcott. I have come to bid you farewell. I must leave you for a short time, dear Jose. I have organized a company, been elected captain, and to-day we must meet the Patriot forces, that are assembled on an island a short distance above. [*Extending his hand to Josephine, who places hers in it.*]

Jose. I regretted to hear yesterday, of your connection with this perilous military movement of the Patriots. A feeling of disquietude, and an apprehension of disaster and misfortune has oppressed me ever since.

Westcott. O, banish these womanly fears. Put away these disquieting thoughts. I feel inspired with a patriotic feeling, and a desire to aid in giving freedom to the oppressed, and relief to the enslaved. Thousands in Canada are secretly encouraging this movement, and ready to welcome and join us as soon as the opportunity offers; and although our force is at present small, it will soon be swelled by enlistments of discontented Canadians who are awaiting our appearance within the Dominion. Fear not, my dear. I feel confident of a favorable result, and actuated only by a patriotic feeling, I shall gratify my highest ambition, and secure not only honor and glory, but the gratitude of the oppressed, and the approbation and approval of mankind.

Jose. I doubt not your sincerity, or the purity of your motives, dear Henry; but I fear you are being deceived by ambitious and unprincipled leaders, who, through ignorance or design, are misrepresenting the actual condition of things in Canada, and the sentiments of her people. I had a singular dream last night, from which I received an impression, that disaster and misfortune would result to the Pat-

riots, and that you, in your zeal and enthusiasm, would become a victim.

Westcott. I am gratified that you have so good an opinion of me. But I think your fears may be the result of that timidity common to your sex, and of that unworthy and selfish love, which you entertain for me. I have been especially honored with the command of a Company, and I hope to merit the confidence reposed in me. You may hereafter share with me the honors which are always conferred on the brave and heroic. But I must leave. I am soon to meet my Company near here, for the purpose of drilling a little, before we depart for the place of rendezvous. Be cheerful during my absence, and when I return we will enjoy the quiet of domestic life, here in the valley, all the more for the trials we shall both suffer, and be sure to receive the gratitude of an emancipated people.

Jose. I will try and be contented. But my thoughts will follow you in this perilous enterprise. And how lonely I shall be in your absence. I shall have no companions—no associates but Father—no pleasures but such as nature affords. I have during all my life, lived in comparative solitude here, until you came and filled my soul with those emotions of love, which have brought perpetual sunshine and joy to my later years. For your sake, I will try and banish from my mind those apprehensions which I have felt, and the premonitions which I have received, and look for your speedy return to enjoy the gratitude and glory which you anticipate.

Westcott. Thank you, Jose. I shall try and merit them for your sake; and my labors and trials will be lightened by the thought of your tender love and regard; and on my return, we will consummate that mutual promise that will make us one forever. Farewell! [*Embraces and kisses Josephine.*]

Jose. Farewell! and may the angels guide and protect you. [*Exit Henry* (). *Josephine sits down, weeping. Enter* () *her father, Louis Marsile, past the middle age of life, in the garb of a fisherman.*]

Mar. What now, Jose! I have not witnessed a scene like this since the death of your mother. Why are you weeping, this bright and cheerful day. The river this morning is as smooth and placid as a mirror, and the islands rest like precious emeralds upon its surface.

Jose. Henry has just left me, I fear never to return. He has joined the Patriot forces; been elected Captain of a Company, and takes his men to the rendezvous to-day. I

have had a presentiment that the movement will prove unfortunate. The love I entertain for Henry, and the strong impression of an impending disaster, excites my feelings beyond control. You know that he has bestowed his affections upon me, and that we are engaged in marriage. In his absence, I shall have no company but you, and I fear that Henry will never return to cheer our humble cottage.

Louis M. Cheer up, my daughter. We will to-day have an excursion on the St. Lawrence; visit various islands and secure some choice game; and you will again feel happier. I cannot feel happy while you are in this mood. I agree with you that this movement for the conquest of Canada, is a rash and a hazardous one. Many have been deluded. The character of the volunteers is not such as to inspire confidence in the result. But Henry is sincere and usually prudent, as well as brave and chivalrous, and I hope if he does not meet with the success he anticipates, he may return to us in safety.

Jose. I will cherish such a hope. In the absence of Henry, I will try and enjoy with you the river and the solitudes of the islands. I would to-day, especially, like to visit the Great Cave, on Ana-mo-sa. I would like to explore it, and you may leave me there on the way to the fishing grounds, and call for me on your return.

Louis M. But could you not find greater enjoyment in the society of some of your acquaintances?

Jose. No! I have few thoughts or sentiments in common with them; and I take more pleasure with you, and in performing my domestic duties, or alone with my little canoe, threading the currents among the evergreen islands, or wandering through their silent shades, than in the society of most of those around us.

Louis M. This love of nature and solitude and aversion of society is, I apprehend, the result of an inherited tendency of mind. I see in you not only my own, but more especially your sainted mother's mental qualities and characteristics. Your remembrance of her must be slight, and I have never informed you in reference to your maternal ancestry, which may be traced by a short line to the nobility of France. Your maternal grandfather, Louis Francoy de Saint-Michel, was forester to Louis XVI. He was born and bred in the most polished society, and familiar with the splendors of the French Court, and the gayeties of the tuleries, castles and forests—the homes and resorts of the French Kings and nobility. At the commencement of the French revolution, he felt compelled for his personal safety

to flee from France, and with his only child, your mother, he came to Costerland, on the western border of the great wilderness of Northern New York, where she in their solitudes, attended to and performed the duties of his household, until I, also an exile from France, made her acquaintance. We were soon after married, and removed to this cottage, where you were born, and where she died.

Jose. I thank you for this brief account of my ancestors. It will explain some vague impressions, that I have undoubtedly received in early life, but which I could not understand. Until I met Henry, I felt no interest in the society of those around us; and now he, the object of my first and most devoted love, is about to leave us, and engage in the hazards of an aggressive war, and I fear to return to us no more forever. [*Wiping away tears.*] But here he comes, with his Company.

[*Enter () in the distance, Henry and his Company: mostly young men, and some boys—part with muskets—part with canes and sticks as a substitute. They perform various military evolutions, and finally march away. ()*
End of scene.]

ACT I.

SCENE II.—*Time, twilight. An island in the St. Lawrence. Enter () Josephine in her canoe; lands in a cove on the island, with a basket of provisions. Cave in the cliff, near by; sets down her basket and seats herself in an arbor and soliloquizes.*

Jose. I am getting weary! Here is the cave I have visited frequently; and the last time father landed me here, I explored it for several hours. If I do not find Henry here, I must give up the search in despair.

[*Enter Henry with a musket () and rushes to and embraces Josephine and kisses her.*]

Dearest Henry! how happy I am to meet you. Since I learned of the disaster to the Patriots, and of your escape, I have been constantly searching among the islands to find your retreat. I have found you at last!

Westcott. I too, have been watching for you; I have frequently recalled your warning of danger and disaster, on the eve of my departure. Your premonitions were correct. The result was as you anticipated. The enterprise has been

a failure. I and three other companions and fugitives have found a secure place of concealment in the great cave up there. [*Pointing towards it.*] But I have learned that these islands are well guarded both by British and American troops and agents, and that a large bounty has been offered for our capture.

Jose. Yes, I have been fully advised of these facts. I anticipated that you, after your escape, would find some place of concealment among the numerous islands with which you are so familiar. This cave I remembered as one affording peculiar advantages for concealment. I have explored it for hours, and know it would be quite impossible for the enemy to pursue you, when once within it, with any probability of your capture. It is a perfect labyrinth of rooms, halls and passages; and abounds in covert places for concealment. I knew you would labor under some difficulties in securing provisions, and expecting to find you, I have brought with me a basket filled with food, and I shall take pleasure hereafter in keeping you supplied, so long as you may think it prudent to remain here.

Westcott. O, how shall I ever repay you, dear Josephine, for your kind regard and devotion? [*Embraces and kisses her.*]

Jose. Your smiles and gratitude are a sufficient reward. But would it not be best for you to make your escape to the American shore, and seek some retreat, far from the scenes of the recent conflict?

Westcott. No, I apprehend that this is the safest place for us at present. Besides the troops, large numbers of the agents of both governments are watching for us. Then, many others, stimulated by the large bounty offered for our capture, would be ready to seize us, on the least suspicion. The popular feeling on the American side was, at first, in our favor. But the failure has turned it against us. A great reaction has taken place. Numerous public meetings have been held, in which the movement, and the parties engaged in it, have been denounced, and thousands that would have rejoiced if we had been successful, and welcomed us with ovations in every village and city, would, now that we have failed, be ready to strike us down like wild animals. Thus it has ever been in all unsuccessful rebellions and revolutions. But I anticipate a subsidence of the excitement; and I think we shall soon be able to return to our homes, and that I can soon not only visit you at the cottage, but that we may be permitted to consummate our marriage engagement, and enjoy that peaceful domestic comfort we have so long anticipated.

Jose. What were the immediate causes of the failure of your enterprise ?

Westcott. They were numerous. Among them I might enumerate inefficiency of the leaders—the youth and inexperience of those that made up our forces—and in particular, the want of arms and proper equipment of our soldiers. In consequence of these, our ranks were greatly thinned by desertions, and on the approach of the veteran troops of the enemy, at our rendezvous, our young and undisciplined soldiers fled. Many of the officers remained, only to be captured. I and my companions in the last extremity, found a canoe resting against the bank, and with it reached this hiding place, and have thus far succeeded in escaping discovery. [*Glances toward the mouth of the cave.*] But my companions are at the mouth of the cave awaiting my return. I ventured out to find some game for food. But you have furnished a supply for all our present wants. Follow me and I will lead you up to the entrance and make you acquainted with my companions, who will feel equally grateful for these supplies.

[*Henry takes the basket, and they proceed towards the entrance of the cave, where his companions are seen. End of scene.*]

ACT I.

SCENE III. *Room in the cottage of Louis Marsile, as before. Early evening. Approaching tempest—lightning, thunder, and winds. Louis M. soliloquizing.*

Louis M. I must now summon my strength, and nerve myself to inform Josephine of the capture and execution of Henry, and his companions. But I fear the consequences. Poor child! What a shock it will give her. Henry seemed to be a part of her life. Their two hearts were one. Under the cover of night she has for many weeks borne to him and his fugitive companions, the provisions necessary for their subsistence, and to and from them messages of love. She still continues, nightly, to pay her accustomed visits to their hiding place, although she must have discovered their absence. Yet she has said nothing of the disappointment she must have experienced; nor has she ever revealed the place of their concealment. But here she comes.

[*Enter Josephine () with a basket well stored with provisions in one hand, and an oar in the other.*]

Louis M. You do not think of visiting the island to-night, my dear? The howling winds without, the distant thunder, and the appearance of the sky, foretell an unusual tempest. I already hear the waves beating against the rocky shore. Do not go on your trip to-night, and leave me alone.

Jose. O, I shall enjoy the trip. On such nights as this, the winds make music as they sigh through the evergreens on the various islands. They will make a grand oratorio with the waters and the trees, and my little canoe will dance and keep time to the music. It is the time for enjoyment. There is variety and grandeur in it! I have enjoyed the placid serenity of the lake when it reflected the twinkling stars, and I have enjoyed, also, the forked lightning, and the rolling thunder, and the music of the waves as they dashed against the rock-bound islands and shores. The light in my window here, has often been the beacon to guide me in my course, and the toils and perils I endure, are a source of joy to me, when I anticipate the smiles and gratitude of Henry.

Louis M. But you have failed to receive his smiles for some time; and still you make your visits to the cave.

Jose. [*Aside*] The cave! How did he learn the place? Then they have been discovered—perhaps captured. [*Aloud*] You seem to know of my failure to meet Henry of late.

Louis M. Yes. He and his companions were captured some time ago. But I did not have the courage to inform you of it, much less of their execution.

Jose. Execution! [*Sinks upon her knees at her father's feet weeping.*] Then my light, my life, has gone out. Then the blossoming buds of our happiness are forever blasted. Oh, deceitful hope! Thou phantom! Thy charms have vanished! Thy wreaths and blossoms have withered! Oh, Henry! Why did you not heed my warning? My premonitions have proved correct. But thou art with my sainted mother, and I shall soon be with thee. My grief shall not disturb thee now. Away selfish love! Dry up thou fountain of the emotions! Let my soul still be with thee in the home of the blessed. [*Rises and wipes away her tears.*]

Louis M. I am pleased with this resolution. Nature still has charms for us, and we may still enjoy the richest treasures which she here offers, as we have in the years gone by. But tell me, why you have continued to visit the cave since the capture of the fugitives, and what you did with the provisions.

Jose. When I first failed to meet them, I supposed that some circumstance had induced them to make a temporary

change of their hiding place. And afterwards when the thought of their possible capture presented itself to my mind, I banished it, and continued to cherish a hope of their safety. The labors, anxieties, and disappointments, intensified my love for Henry, and as usual I left the provisions on the table-rock within the entrance, and rested for a time on the rock outside, in meditation and prayer for his safety. Tell me all you know relating to him.

Louis M. The large bounty offered for the capture of the fugitives, induced many to search for them, and their place of concealment was discovered. Of this, the Canadian authorities were duly informed, and one night a squad of soldiers were placed around the mouth of the cave. Apprehending the difficulty of securing them within the cave, they anxiously awaited their appearance without. Early one morning, the fugitives took a walk towards the river, for the purpose of bathing, leaving their arms behind them. A few soldiers sprang to the entrance, and others closed in on either side. There was no opportunity to escape and they surrendered. They were taken to Kingston, hastily tried, and—

Jose. Hold! I would hear no more. I must again visit the place where I last met Henry. He will surely be there with me. The time is now most appropriate. I would go in the storm and the tempest. The elements without correspond with the raging emotions within me. [*Takes up the basket and oar and departs () into the darkness without.*]

Louis M. Stay, my daughter, stay! Leave me not alone.

Jose. I cannot remain. I must meet Henry again.

[*Thunder and lightning, a tempest with rain beats around the cottage. Louis M. gazes in the direction of his daughter. End of scene 3.*]

ACT I.

SCENE IV. *Island in the St. Lawrence. Time, twilight. Mouth of the cave as before, in the cliff. Louis M. approaches in a canoe; lands near by, and soliloquizes.*

Louis M. [*Sol.*] It is now nearly twenty-four hours since Jose departed. It is getting dark, and I must hasten to the cave. If I do not find her there, I shall conclude that she sank beneath the waves, in the tempest last night. Yet, she was familiar with the currents, and no one was more

expert in the management of the canoe. For these fifteen years, she has been accustomed to it, and these waters.

[Approaching the mouth of the cave, he observes Josephine resting upon a table rock near its mouth, and leaning against the perpendicular cliff.] Josephine! No answer. Josephine! Speak to me once more. [Places his hand upon her upturned face.] Josephine! She is dead. [Sinks down upon his knees at her side, and covering his face, weeps for some time in silence.]

The last link that bound me to earth, is now broken. My only child—friend—companion—is gone to the mansions of the blessed, to be re-united with her sainted mother and her beloved Henry, from whom cruel fate here separated her. O, that I could have departed with her! [Rises and gazes at her in the twilight.] She seems to be gazing still, as if she expected some one. But her eyes are fixed upward, as though her thoughts were in that direction. [Feels of her garments.] Her garments are still wet with the torrents of rain that beat upon her in the tempest last night. The last of the noble family of Louis Francooy de Saint-Michel, the companion in early life of nobles and kings, has departed. O, affectionate, noble, devoted daughter! Why did you leave me here alone, in the world! [Glances at the mouth of the cave.] But this cave was a fitting place for her exit. It was associated with the object of her most devoted love, and the most interesting events of her later life. In its silent labyrinths she had wandered and the surrounding solitudes were the source of her greatest pleasures. I will watch and meditate by her remains until morning, where she has watched and prayed on many a night—when the stars shone down upon her alone, and also, when the sky was overcast with clouds. Upon this very rock on which she expired, she has frequently sat and listened to the music of the winds, as they sighed through the evergreens, and here amidst these solitudes, and at the mouth of this cave, will I deposit her mortal remains, and here will I make frequent pilgrimages at the twilight hour, and hold sweet communion with her spirit. And here may I finally sleep my last sleep, on the same rock where she expired.

[Falls upon his knees at the feet of Josephine's body, and rests his head upon her lap. Illusion of the spirit form of Josephine in the cave. End of act 1.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Law-office of Slaughter & Dolittle, New York. Three rickety chairs, a few old books and an old table. Dolittle at the table, writing. Sign conspicuous—"Slaughter & Dolittle, Attorneys." Both in shabby dress, and past middle age. Seedy shysters. Enter Slaughter ().*

Slaughter. Dolittle! our money and our business is about played out. We must make a strike. Yankee enterprise and genius must yet triumph in this great centre of wealth and commerce. This glass of ale once a day for five cents, and a square meal throwed in, won't work much longer. We have bummed about in this way, until the saloon men begin to indulge in sarcastic remarks. They have an eye on the potatoe salad and oxtail soup. Besides this, our families must live. A dollar and a half a week is a pretty small allowance for the three at home.

Dolittle. I find that pretty small for two. But they manage to get through, with great economy. By the way, I squeezed two dollars out of the prisoner at the Police Court yesterday; the first in some time.

Slaughter. I was prompted yesterday to walk into the Supreme Court, and noticed that nearly all the business before it related to injunctions. Injunctions is now the great, I might say, almost the sole remedy, for an injury. It is the only thing that pays a lawyer. In fact, there is no other law, for a lawyer. It is the *nomen generalissimum*, for all useful law. It is the Great Extraordinary equitable, Remedy, with which fortunes are made. It is the great panacea, that kills or cures; and it makes no difference to the lawyer which way it goes. It is the remedy of the money kings—the suple instrument of the bulls and the bears—to restrain, and dissolve restraint. There's fortunes in it. I have been inspired with an idea, and I have resolved to execute it.

Dolittle. What is the inspired idea?

Slaughter. To make Injunctions a Specialty. I am bound to execute that thought, and it is bound to succeed. Our fortunes, my old friend, [*rising and slapping Dolittle on the shoulder*], are made. I have already engaged a suit of rooms, first floor above basement, 1001 Pine, for the future place of legal business, of Slaughter & Dolittle, and given orders for a sign in large golden letters on the front window, "A. Dolittle, Solicitor, Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, 1001 Pine. Injunctions a specialty." With barely a quarter

left, I have accomplished all this. To-morrow morning we are to take possession, and during the day I pay a month's rent.

Dolittle. You are taking large risks—you must be deranged. We will be ruined.

Slaughter. Not at all. Our fortunes are already made. This is my plan. Be at the office in the morning with the cleanest shirt and best clothes you can muster. I will occupy the front, and will resume all the dignity I exhibited while a magistrate down in Connecticut. You will occupy the back room. We will arrange our few books to the best advantage; secure a work or two on injunctions; put on business airs; and mark my word, we shall have some good customers during the business hours. My charges for counsel must of course be large. Instead of a dollar or two for defending a poor devil at the Police, they must be hundreds, for a few minute's counsel. Every body is suing out injunctions against everybody else, and to enjoin everything—railroads, insurance companies, managers of theaters, publishers, joint stock companies, partners, judges, courts, officers—to enjoin former injunctions; in short, there is going on now, a war of injunctions. We will be ready to act either on the aggressive or the defensive; to enjoin or to dissolve; and between the two warlike forces, we shall stand a good chance. Let us take our books along, and make immediate arrangements for the new field of action. And remember our watchword, Injunctions a specialty. [*Gather books under their arms and departing.*]

Dolittle. I will remember, 'A. Dolittle, Solicitor, Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, 1001 Pine. Injunctions a specialty. [*Exeunt. End of scene.*]

ACT II.

SCENE II. *A plain living room, in the home of James Brown, Chicago. Present, Mary Brown, his wife, and Ida, his only daughter, 4 years old. Enter () James Brown, a young man.*

James. Well, Mary, I have returned as usual, without success. All building is suspended. My occupation has gone from the city. Not one in fifty of the plumbers, can find constant employment. This business was one of the first to suffer by the hard times, and who can tell when it will revive?

Mary. My dear James, have courage. The darkest night precedes the brightest morn. When prosperity returns, we shall enjoy it all the more, for the dark night of adversity, through which we are passing.

James. We have struggled for a long time, with many others in this city, to keep the wolf from the door. We were more fortunate than most of those who depended upon their labor for a maintenance, for we had a little of my income laid aside, and it has served us well. We have learned, that with economy the bare necessities of life cost but little. But to that little sum we had, no additions have been made for many months, and it is now nearly gone.

Here it is Mary, take it; [*handing some money to her.*] I cannot use it for myself, whilst you and Ida may soon suffer for the want of food. [*Taking up and kissing Ida.*]

Mary. Dear James, you are unusually despondent this morning. You have been cheerful and hopeful most of the time, through all the disappointments and defeats of the many months you have been unemployed.

James. Yes, but my star of hope would have disappeared long ago, had it not have been for your cheering words of encouragement, and the happy and cheerful life of Ida. When the mists began to gather around me and shut out visions of better conditions in the future, you dispelled them; and when the dark clouds, without even a silver edge, hung over both of us, little Ida's innocent and cheerful and happy life, drove them away, and revived our hopes. But the time has now come for me to act. I am strong and healthy, and I will use no more of our little means for my own sustenance. I will go forth from Chicago, resolved to find something to do, and labor in any honorable employment.

Mary. O, James, why are you so excited? What has occurred to make you so rash? You will not leave us here alone? [*Weeping.*]

James. I cannot be moved from my resolution. I must leave my home, and you, my dearest Mary and my darling Ida, to-day. I can endure the torture no longer. In this broad land somewhere there ought to be employment for strong and resolute men. And providence should favor the son of one who laid down his life to maintain the institutions of the country. We are here verging upon the border line of actual want. You and Ida are helpless, I might say, homeless. I am in the prime of life and vigorous manhood.

Mary. But still we have a home here.

James. A home! No. I have just been served with a summons notifying me of proceedings in Court, to foreclose the mortgage on this home.

Mary. How is this?

James. You will remember I paid down only half of the purchase money of this property, and for the balance and interest annually, we executed a mortgage. For several years I paid the interest promptly; but for two years past it has remained unpaid, and I cannot expect to make money here to pay it. Hope, in this direction, has departed, I will take some chances, and leave this city, seeking some opportunity to raise the amount required to save our home, or failing in that, provide you and my little Ida, with the necessaries of life. At any rate, I shall be free from the remorseful thought, that I sat down with you to consume the last morsel of food.

Mary. [*Approaching and embracing James.*] O, my dearest James, what a cloud has come over us, shutting out the last ray of light. We entered this home with joy and gladness in our hearts. It is associated with all the most interesting and happy incidents of our married life. Here, Ida was born. Here, she has made us happy with her innocent baby life, and her childish plays and prattle. [*Weeping.*]

James. O, cease these reminiscences, my dear, and try and dry those tears, or they will unnerve me. I returned home resolved, after mature reflection, to adopt the course I have indicated.

Ida. Don't cry, mamma, taus I's doing to tay wiv you. Papa come back, won't you, papa?

Brown. [*With his wife smiling through their tears.*] O, yes, my darling.

Ida. I's doing to take tare mamma, won't I?

James. [*Kissing Ida.*] Yes; you must take care of mamma, and talk to mamma, and not let mamma cry. Will you, my darling?

Ida. O, yes. I'll talk to mam a, all de time.

Mary. Well James, perhaps your course is the wisest. I will try and be contented. But you will not leave to-day?

James. Yes, I must carry out my resolution while I am in the spirit. A delay might prove fatal. I have told you all. The worst is over, and the sooner I set out, the shorter will be the sorrow. Anticipating the danger of a delay at this time, I have supplied my small hand bag with a few shirts, some meat left from yesterday's dinner, and half

the loaf of bread I found in the cupboard, and it is without the door. Good by! Good by! [*Embraces Mary and Ida, and starts*].

Mary. Here, take this money. [*Holding out the roll to him.*]

James. No! Never!

Mary. I insist that you take half of it.

James. You will be most in need of it.

Mary. You must take the change.

James. Well, I accept it as a token of your love. [*Takes it.*] I am amply provided for present wants. As for the future, I am fully equipped with strong arms and a resolute will. [*Exit. () waving adieu with his hand.*]

Mary. Farewell, my dear. [*Sinks on a chair, weeping.*]

Ida. Go by, papa. Don't cry, mamma. I'm doing to talk to you, mamma. I'm doing to be a good little girl, mamma. [*Mary takes up Ida, presses her to her bosom and kisses her. End of scene.*]

ACT II.

SCENE III. *New Law office (2 rooms) of Slaughter & Dolittle. Slaughter in front room—Dolittle in the back one at table, writing; with high standing shirt collars and improved general appearance. Sign in large letters, "A. Dolittle Solicitor, Judge Slaughter, of Counsel. Injunctions a specialty," conspicuous. In large printed letters over a case filled with papers, "Injunction Papers." And over a similar case, filled with papers, in large printed letters, "Motions to Dissolve." Enter Goodday, Manager of a theatre in New York, ().*

Good. Judge Slaughter, I presume?

Slaughter. I bear that humble title.

Good. You do an injunction business, I notice?

Slaughter. Yes. Injunctions a specialty. It is the only successful remedy known to the modern law. There is in fact but little other law of practical importance. All else is obsolete. It is the great extraordinary remedy for everybody, under all circumstances.

Good. I am the manager of a theatre here, and purchased

of the translator a French drama, which we are playing with great success. Another manager is about to put the same play on the stage. Have I any remedy?

Slaughter. Nothing is plainer. Injunction is the sole remedy. It stops him and you play on. That is all you want. We use it constantly in such cases.

Good. Then I want an injunction at once.

Slaughter. Mr. Dolittle, the Solicitor in this office, is in the other room. He will prepare the papers. The complaint must be sworn to, and a bond executed. Mr. Dolittle! [*Enter Dolittle.*] Another injunction is wanted by the manager of one of our leading theatres. Prepare the papers, and fix the bond, say \$5000.

Dolittle. I will have the papers ready by 2 P. M. Call at 2, and all will be ready. [*Dolittle retires to back room.*]

Good. Shall I settle your fee now?

Slaughter. You might pay a small retainer as Counsel, say five hundred.

Good. [*Taking out his pocket book*] Here it is. [*Handing the money to Slaughter. Exit Manager (). Enter Dumont ()*].

Dumont. Your practice is especially directed to injunctions, Judge?

Slaughter. We have for many years, had but little else to do. It is the Great Extraordinary Remedy. It is the magna charta—the magnum bonum. Perfection in the law can only be attained by exclusive attention to a particular branch. We assume to have attained that perfection in the use of the Great Extraordinary Equitable Remedy of Injunction. It is the right arm of the Court to do justice.

Dumont. You are just the party I want at this time. Justice is what I require. My interests are threatened, and I must have the help of this right arm. I am a stockholder and director in the Novelty Life and Fire Insurance Company. The president and a majority of the directors, are about to dispose of its stock and funds to the amount of \$50,000 for the stock of a narrow gauge railroad company in Colorado. Can I prevent this misappropriation of its stock and funds?

Slaughter. The Great Extraordinary Equitable Remedy of Injunction, was invented for this very purpose. It is the Great Palladium of our financial rights and liberties. It is more than constitutions, for it overrides constitutions. 44

is grounded in fundamental principles. It is, in short, the Magna Charta, which we inherited.

Dumont. That's my remedy. Will you attend to it?

Slaughter. Mr. Dolittle, as Solicitor, prepares the papers. I am of Counsel in injunction cases. Walk into the other room and he will prepare the proper papers for the Great Extraordinary Remedy.

Dumont. Your fee as Counsel?

Slaughter. You may advance now, five hundred, if convenient.

Dumont. I must give you my check. I have a blank here. [*Fills out the check and hands to Slaughter.*]

Slaughter. All right, Mr. Dumont. Call again when you want your rights protected. [*Exit Dumont () and enter Hansome ().*]

Hansome. I have come all the way from Texas, to secure a lawyer, to prevent the meeting of the stockholders of the Houston and Santa Fee Railroad Company, called by the directors to meet in this city to-morrow. A great outrage is attempted to be perpetrated on the stockholders, and I have been duly authorized by many of them to prevent this meeting. I notice you make injunctions a specialty, and I suppose that is the remedy for me, and those I represent.

Slaughter. Your instincts are correct, my friend. It is the Great Sovereign Remedy—the Great Extraordinary Writ that prevents such outrages. It cannot be disobeyed while the government lasts, and it is our specialty. We have done but little else for many years. The office 1001 Pine, is perfecting the practice of this strong right arm of our courts of equity. Shall the proper papers be prepared?

Hansome. Yes, immediately.

Slaughter. Mr. Dolittle, in the next room, is the Solicitor. He will draft the necessary papers. I am of Counsel, in the business of the office. And our business is increasing so rapidly we must secure a large clerical force.

Hansome. I have a son with me, who wants to enter a law office, and a companion of his would like a situation with him. Could they secure a place here?

Slaughter. Can they write well?

Hansome. Both are good penmen.

Slaughter. By all means get them a place where Injunctions are a specialty. Nothing more is required. In six months here, they can do business as well as I can. They can enter upon practice immediately, and their fortunes

are made. The law of injunctions is all that is necessary, and that can be learned in no other way than in an office where it is a specialty. The Great Extraordinary Remedy is just beginning to assume its original proportions, as *magnum bonum*—the palladium of our rights, for the enforcement of equitable principles.

Hansome. What would be your terms, Judge?

Slaughter. Our terms may seem to an outsider rather hard; but when it is considered that a fortune is secure, it will appear otherwise. The young men would be required to write for us, and pay the sum of one thousand dollars on taking seats in the office, and one thousand dollars at the end of six months. This sum would easily be made by them in a day or two, after they leave the office.

Hansome. I have not arranged your fee as Counsel?

Slaughter. You may hand me a retainer of a thousand, if convenient.

Hansome. [*Taking out his pocket book*]. Here are two notes for the amount. [*Handing them to him*].

Slaughter. You see how easy it is to make money in a specialty on injunctions. The young men can in a day or two reimburse the money advanced to us.

Hansome. True. I must see them; and perhaps they will take seats in your office to-morrow. Good day!

Slaughter. Good day! [*Exit Hansome* ()].

Slaughter. Dolittle! What do you think, now, of Injunctions a Specialty!

[*Dolittle appearing*].

Dolittle. It seems to work well to-day.

Slaughter. It will work well to-day, and to-morrow, and every day. We have just mounted the wave of success, which is sure to bear us on to fortune. To-morrow we must have some help. I think we will take several students to assist us. I must now order a carriage, call and pay the rent, and go to the bosom of my family. For the first time in several years, I have ample means to supply them with a good dinner. Secure a few more chairs in the morning, and some tables, and come to business early. Remember Injunctions a Specialty, with \$2000 as the fees of your humble servant, Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, for the first day's business. [*Exit S.* ()]. *End of Scene*].

ACT II.

SCENE IV. *A lone tree on the summit of a hill on a prairie in Wisconsin. James Brown assisting Thornton, a feeble fellow traveler, aged about 35 years, to walk.*

James. We shall soon arrive at the lone tree, and then we will have a fine view of the surrounding country. Have courage, my friend. You will have a good rest there.

Thornton. I wish that I could have a final rest there. Life is becoming a burden to me, and death would be welcome. I have slept but little for nearly a week. This sleeping in the open air, without any covering, is hard on me in my present condition. And last night, you know, I got but a nap or two.

James. You had a hard time last night. I thought at one time you were quite gone.

Thornton. I wish I had quite gone. It would have been a happy exit. Certainly this body cannot stand it long in this way. Nor do I desire that it should.

James. Well, here we are at last. Sit down, now and rest against this tree, and perhaps you may get some sleep. Here is some of the hazel nuts and wheat, that remained after dinner, and here is some water in the bottle. [*Reaching them towards Thornton. Thornton sits down and leans against the tree.*]

Thornton. I don't care for anything to eat now. I need rest and sleep more. You eat what you want. There will still be enough left for me. I shall need no food to-night.

James. The stars are shining brightly. It will be cool before morning for you, but I shall get along well enough. The nights in this latitude, and at this season, are short. This will be one comfort. Try and sleep a little, while I take a lunch. [*Eats in silence. Thornton falls asleep—strangles, coughs and awakes. James raises him up.*]

Thornton. I thought I would never get my breath again. But I am here yet.

James. You are growing cold. Let me wrap my coat around you. [*Takes off his coat and places it over Thornton.*] I shall not need it.

Thornton. Nor shall I, long.

James. Did your father die of asthma?

Thornton. Yes, when I was a boy.

James. And your mother is also dead?

Thornton. Yes. No! She still lives in a higher sphere. She has risen from the dead. [*In a whisper—Gazing at the North Star.*]

There is the Great Dipper, and the North Star. When a child and I sat upon my mother's lap in the old porch, she pointed them out to me. She said the North Star was always true, and a good symbol of what a life should be, and hoped that I would always be good and true. I have endeavored to live such a life, and to follow her advice. But I must leave you to-night, my friend, here on this lone prairie. Be cheerful, and press forward towards the North and you will succeed; you will soon meet your reward. [*Sinks back, supported by James.*] She is here. She has come for me. [*Illusion of a spirit mother near Thornton.*]

James. Who has come for you?

Thornton. Mother! [*Sinks dying on the ground.*]

James. He is dying. [*Feels his pulse.*] It has ceased to beat. He is dead! [*Sits by Thornton weeping in silence for some time. Looks up at the stars.*]

The stars that shone upon him, while an infant in his mother's lap, now coldly shine upon his dead body. But how sweet the compensation of such an exit! That mother seemed to be here to receive him. His last mortal thoughts were of her, and his first immortal recognition was of her angelic form. How sweet is such a devotion. How comforting to die in the belief, that a loving, departed mother is waiting for us on the other shore. [*Silent for a time as he gazes upon the body of Thornton. Looking around.*]

Twilight is appearing in the east. What shall I do? I am a stranger here. Thornton was unknown, and he is dead. Perhaps I may be suspected of some foul play in connection with his death. But I will not abandon his dead body. I was faithful to him during the last few days of his mortal life, and I will do my duty now, let come what will come. I hear the sound of an approaching team. [*Looks in the direction.*] Yes, there are two men in a wagon. I will go down by the road-side, and inform them what has occurred, and secure their services in removing the body. [*Exit James (). Re-enters with two citizens—farmers. ()*]

1 *Cit.* You're tramps, wern't you? We don't go much on tramps here. I dogged off one yesterday. [*Looking at James and then at the corpse.*]

2 *Cit.* Looks like some foul play.

1 *Cit.* Guess we'll have a inquest in this matter.

2 *Cit.* The best way is for you, stranger, to get in the wagon with us, and go to town, and see the Coroner. [*Looking at the corpse.*] He won't spile while we're gone.

1 *Cit.* Its only a short distance, and we won't be gone long. It aint right any way to touch a body, until the Coroner comes. So jump in.

James. I have no objection to going with you. [*Aside*]. I need some food and rest, and perhaps here is an opportunity to get both. [*Exeunt. End of scene.*]

ACT II.

SCENE V. *Law office of Slaughter & Dolittle, supplied with chairs, writing tables, and three students writing. S. & D. sitting at tables, writing. Toilets somewhat improved. Enter Goodday, the manager ().*

Goodday. Good morning, Judge. The injunction was dissolved this morning, and they will go on with the play unless they are again enjoined.

Slaughter. Yes, Mr. Dolittle has informed me of the dissolution. There was a slight inadvertence in drafting the papers. That can be corrected, and another injunction issued and served.

Goodday. Let this be attended to, or they will go on with the play to-night. [*Enter Dolittle ()*]

Dolittle. I will see to it. [*Exit Good ()*].

Slaughter. [*To Dolittle.*] Be careful and get enough in the papers this time. Whatever is required, put in. These men that seek injunctions, generally swear to anything that is written by an attorney. [*Exit Dolittle () Enter De Laniere ()*].

DeLaniere. Your special practice is injunctions?

Slaughter. It is our specialty. I merely act as Counsel in the office.

De L. I think that is what I want. I was about to put on the stage here, a play translated from the French, and for which I have paid the translator. The manager of a rival theatre, enjoined me yesterday from using it. The injunction was dissolved this morning, on account of some defect in the papers, and it is now proposed to amend the papers and procure another injunction. I desire to present it to-night, and I want your counsel in the matter.

S— Are you an American citizen?

DeL— No. I am a Frenchman.

S— What is the value of the performance to you to-night?

DeL—— Not less than a thousand dollars.

S—— I think I could manage to enable you to go on with it to-night.

DeL—— Do so, and I will pay you half the sum anticipated.

S—— I have some printed forms for the transfer of causes from the State to the Federal Courts, on the ground of the alienage of the defendant. I will fill up the blanks—*[takes up a form and writes]*—and you can sign and swear to the facts set forth. On it I will before another injunction is issued, apply for a transfer of the cause. If it is refused by the stupid ass, that now occupies the bench, which is quite probable, then you can go on with the play even in the face of any injunction, as the Court would have no jurisdiction to grant it. On the other hand, if he should transfer the cause, there would be no opportunity to secure an injunction from the Federal Court to-day, and you, of course, could go on with the play. Here is the petition; sign it, and step into the next door below and make oath to it before the Commissioner.

[Signs and goes out with the petition. Returns and hands it to Slaughter.] That will do. I will see to it.

DeL—— Here is a check for the fee.

S—— Thank you; when the case is once in the Federal Court, that will probably be the last of it. There will be delay—parties and witnesses will be gone—and the case finally dismissed for want of prosecution. Out of many such cases we have had, this was the result. But there will be a remedy for all damages you have sustained, including my fee, on the bond of the plaintiff. We will recover a nice sum, to divide, on that.

DeL—— You are my injunction lawyer. Loss last night \$1000. *[Exit DeL ()]*.

S—— *[Sol.]* There's five hundred more, which added to the \$3000, on initiation of the students, makes \$3500 to-day. So much this morning, for the Great Extraordinary Process. So much for Injunctions a Specialty. Dolittle! *[Dolittle appears from the rear office]*. I think I can afford to take you to the Astor for a lunch to-day. Take a few cards along and advertise, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty.

D—— *[Picks up cards.]* All right. No five cent ale, and lunch throwed in, to-day. *[Exeunt ()]*.

ACT II.

SCENE VI. *Court Room of a justice. Present, Justice Scroggs; Squills, a prosecuting attorney; James Brown; Antony, the jailor, and numerous citizens.*

Squills. I have the honor of informing the Court, that the Coroner, holding the inquest on the body found at the Lone Tree, under circumstances of suspicion, has had the honor to report to me as the legal officer of the county, that the jury, after a protracted investigation of three days, having listened to the examination of fifty-one witnesses, fifteen of whom were respectable and prominent members of the medical profession, and all of whom have a large and extensive practice in the community where they reside, were at first about equally divided in their opinion as to the cause of the death. Although agreeing upon the fact of suffocation, they were in extreme doubt as to the cause of the suffocation, whether external or internal. This being the main point in controversy, as I gather it from the elaborate report of the coroner, which I have the honor to hold in my hand, or rather I should say in both hands, and which contains not only the voluminous report, but the testimony of the fifty-one witnesses examined as aforesaid, each separate and apart, to prevent collusion, especially between the doctors. In the beginning of the inquiry, the majority seemed to favor a report adverse to the party justly suspected. But before their deliberations closed, it seemed that a majority were in doubt as to his guilt or innocence, and in the end, it was resolved by a bare majority that the accused should have the benefit of that doubt, and the Coroner has so reported. I therefore move this honorable Court, to dismiss the charge of murder, made against this prisoner, or in legal language enter a *nol. pros.*

Scroggs. I think your course, Mr. Squills, eminently judicial, and will make the entry. But it seems to me due to the majesty of the law, as administered by her magistrates, that this defendant be held for another offense against the statute and the peace and dignity of the State. I mean the crime of tramping. This statute is too often violated, and makes the person so offending a vagrant.

Squills. Anticipating your action, I have had the honor to file an information against him for a breach of the statute against tramps and vagrants, and we are ready to proceed to an examination on that serious charge.

Scroggs. Read the information.

Squills. The information charges: [*Reads*] 'That James Brown did on divers days between the 10th and 15th days

of June, commit the crime of vagrancy, by tramping, in violation of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State.' This is duly sworn to.

Scroggs. What has the prisoner to say to this charge?

James. I don't know what constitutes the crime of tramping.

Scroggs. It becomes my duty under such circumstances to enter a plea of not guilty. Do you desire to get counsel?

James. I have none, nor any money to pay one. Besides I don't know that I want one.

Scroggs. Are you ready for trial?

James. Just as ready as I ever shall be.

Scroggs. Then call your witnesses, Mr. Squills, and let them be sworn.

Squills. Mr. Antony, come forward and be sworn. [*Antony comes out of the crowd*].

Scroggs. Hold up your hand, Mr. Antony. [*A. holds up his outstretched right hand.*] You do swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God. [*Repeated rapidly. Hand goes down*].

Attorney. State whether you are acquainted with the prisoner at the bar--how you became acquainted with him, and what he has told you in relation to his tramping in Wisconsin.

Antony. I am keeper of the county jail. Several days ago Constable Pike brought the prisoner there for commitment. He has ever since been there, until I brought him before this Honorable Court. He told me he came from Chicago; that he started westward on foot; that he finally changed his course towards the North Star; that on the way he fell in with the man who was found dead at the lone tree; that they were both on their way to the pineries; that they were out of employment and money; and that they were trying to find some employment.

Squills. That will do, Mr. Antony.

Scroggs. Does the prisoner desire to cross-examine the witness?

James. No. He has told only the truth.

Squills. We rest our case.

Scroggs. Has the prisoner any witnesses?

James. Not any.

Scroggs. If you desire to make any statement of facts relating to this case, you can do so; for, although the statement cannot be received by this Court, as of equal veracity with that of a person not under the charge of an offense against the peace and dignity of the State, still it might serve to ameliorate the condition of the punishment. This honorable Court will duly consider your claims to mercy.

Brown. I will briefly say, that I left Chicago several days ago, in search of honorable employment; that I have been traveling in Wisconsin on foot several days, without money but in search for something to do; that on the way I fell in with the man who died at the Lone Tree; and that we were on our way northward to the *P  n  ries* to find employment there. If these acts are a violation of the laws of this State, I am guilty.

Scroggs. Mr. Squills, do you desire to make an argument in the case?

Squills. Please your honor, I do. The frequency and magnitude of the offence, requires extraordinary vigilance and efforts upon the part of the legal and judicial officers of our proud Badger State.

Scroggs. Proceed then, with your argument,

Squills. May it please the honorable Court: The statute under which the prisoner has been arraigned, and must be convicted, if justice is done to the yeomanry of the old Badger State, I will proceed to read; and then to expound the same according to the best of my legal abilities.

[*Reads from the Code.*]

"All persons who, not having any visible means to maintain themselves, live without employment; all persons wandering abroad and lodging in sheds or barns, or in the open air; and all persons wandering abroad and begging for food or raiment, shall be deemed vagrants and nuisances generally, and be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, for a term not exceeding ninety days."

In expounding this statute, I first inquire, is the prisoner at the bar a person? I appeal to this honorable Court, is this prisoner a person? I appeal to these my fellow citizens and constituents, is this tramp a person? I answer, yes! You by your silence say, yes! [*Applause.*]

Again, has he visible means of support? I again appeal to this honorable Court; I again appeal to these yeomen, of our prairies; and in the language of scripture—to friends, countrymen, and lovers—has this man visible means of support? I answer, No! You by your silence, say No! Echo answers, No!

Again, did he wander abroad and lodge in sheds, or barns or in the open air? He admits that he wandered from Chicago, that pestiferous sink of iniquity; from the slums and cesspools of that modern Babylon, that vomits forth its scum to infect and taint the fair homes of my worthy constituents, polluting even the sheds and barns of the sons of toil, and devouring, in the language of scripture, the substance of the thrifty.

The open air of the country, is for the countrymen, and their families; and these wandering Arabs, from that proud city, that prowl over the fair face of the Badger State, should be taught, in the language of scripture, that the way of the transgressor is hard, saith the Lord of hosts. He hath uttered a malediction, thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. But what are witches? Yes, I repeat it, what are witches, compared with—with tramps, that roam about the country, seeking whom they may devour? I appeal to your honor, I appeal to my constituents, many of whom are present—I appeal to you all, for an answer to the important question, what are witches compared with tramps? On this question the case turns. On the answer the case hinges. I see your answer in your sleek faces—in your sparkling eyes—in those briny tears—in the anxiety painted on those beaming countenances—which say clearly, the case is in favor of witches. And I abjure the honorable Court, to consider well the important judicial function it has to perform, in stemming the tide of this invasion of our homes and our firesides—of protecting the fair ensign of our State and our liberty—of preserving from the foul hands of the invader, the fair form of the badger that guards the shield of our State.

Lastly, the prisoner should suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He has wickedly, maliciously, and with malice prepense, feloniously, within the true intent and meaning of the statute, violated its fair pages, where it shines as a star of the first magnitude, in our great catacomb of legal lore. Shall he be suffered to violate a statute of the Badger State with immunity? I appeal to you again, friends, countrymen and lovers, shall he be permitted to sleep in the open air with impunity? I say, No! You, by your silence, say No! Echo in response, answers No! [*Applause.*]

Scroggs. What has the prisoner to reply?

James. I can say nothing more than I have already said.

Scroggs. The offence in the opinion of the Court, is of the most heinous character; and has rather been aggravated than mitigated by the remarks of the prisoner. For he admits that he had no visible means of employment or sup-

port, and that he wandered abroad, and was without money, and of course he had to sleep in sheds or barns or in the open air. Now this, under the statute law of the Badger State, is a serious offense; and I feel it my duty to inflict the full penalty of the law. The prisoner will therefore be confined in the county jail for ninety days. I will prepare the mittimus. [*Writes it.*] Here take this, [*handing the paper to Antony*] and the prisoner back to jail.

[*Exit Antony* () *with James, weeping*].

Squills. It remains for the Court to fix the fees to be paid the prosecutor for his diligence and skillful management of this case, and his able efforts in behalf of the Badger State.

Scroggs. I think the law fixes that at \$5.00.

Squills. But that sum is trifling, for all my able efforts to convict the guilty. You are aware of the ability with which I have performed my duty. The law says nothing against perquisites.

Scroggs. True—Perquisites! Yes, I see. You should have perquisites, of course. What shall we include?

Squills. Why, pen, ink, paper, and penknives.

Scroggs. True. Make the items as full as possible. I allow \$25; and will certify the amount; and you will receive this of the County Treasurer. [*Exeunt* () *End of scene.*]

ACT II.

SCENE VII. *Law office of Slaughter & Dolittle. S. & D. and twelve young men seated at tables, writing. Toilets of S. & D. improved.*

Slaughter. Young men, you now have the best possible advantages to make your fortunes. Stick to injunctions as a specialty, and you are millionaires. As a specialty, the law is easily acquired. The practice can only be acquired in the Courts of New York. No one can acquire it otherwise. Remember, it is the right arm of justice, as she sits enthroned upon the Bench. Let your studies, when not employed copying or drafting papers, be confined to this Great Extraordinary Writ—the palladium—the *Magna Charta*, which we inherited—I may add, the *Magnum Bonum*. I trust my example will be worthy of your imitation, when you shall have graduated here. You will then at once enter upon a lucrative practice. I am expecting a party soon to consult with me upon an important matter.

It would be well for you to observe, how the important business of a counsellor, is conducted.

[*Enter Wing, a Broker ()*].

Wing. Have I detained you ?

S— Not long. I must go to Court soon.

W— Then to business. You see this large sum, I spoke of, is now held by the Ramshorn Company ; but the amount will, if not enjoined, soon be paid over to the Hudson and Wilderness Road, by the officers of the former, in the discharge of a plain duty.

S— Injunction is the remedy. It is the specific in all such cases.

W— If paid, it will swell the dividends of the latter, now about to be made, and up goes the stock. This would lift the bulls. We want to bear it a few days, and pick it up, then we'll change to bulls. You see ?

S— Yes, I see what is required. The Great Extraordinary Remedy was first created by the High Court of Chancery, expressly for this purpose. It is the Universal—the only remedy in such cases. You need an astringent. You find it in the great specialty.

W— Let the papers then be prepared at once. Here are some Ramshorn bonds, 25,000. [*Handing them to S.*] If you succeed the stock goes up, as the money held will be counted funds on hand. Then sell, and invest in Hudson and Wilderness, while beared. Then let loose on the injunction—let the money be paid over, and up goes Hudson and Wilderness, and you have a fortune. Here is a little more of the Ramshorn, which you can take and place where it will do the most good.

S— I think I can make good use of it. I am under some obligations to Judge Codos, to whom I usually apply for my injunctions. He made some advances to me some time ago, under circumstances which it would be quite irrelevant to relate at this time. I should like to cancel the obligation and I presume I could do so with these bonds. His interest will then be identical with ours ; which of course he will not discover. The injunction restraining the payment must be granted, unless in the meantime, the Hudson and Wilderness, secures an injunction restraining Judge Codos from acting, which is a practice quite common here. The fact is the right arm of equity is a very suple member, and can be used to secure almost anything. The functions of the original writ, have been greatly extended, and our firm has been largely concerned in accomplishing this result.

W—. Our house has some interest in one of the western roads that is in peril, and we have been considering the subject of employing you to go there and counsel our local attorney, in reference to the matter. An injunction is probably our proper remedy.

S—. Very likely! Very likely! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is the only effectual one. But it must be applied in season or its virtue may be lost. Diligence and promptness is wisdom. I say with all candor be prompt! We now have four draughtsmen and copyists, engaged in preparing papers and orders to forestall the action of courts, in the use of this Great Extraordinary remedy; or rather I should say of improperly using it, to the prejudice of our clients. It requires much tact and skill, I can assure you, to frame orders so as to prevent evasion and apparent infringement of the judicial prowess of courts of co-ordinate jurisdiction.

W—. I will see you again on this subject soon. [*Exit W.*()]

Slaughter. Dolittle! [*D. appears.*] A thought has struck me. Another inspiration has been received. Another idea has been conceived. We must prepare a treatise on injunctions. We now have plenty of help. I can prepare the headings of each chapter, and some paragraphs for the text. These students with the aid of text books, and digests, can do the balance. With these aids, and a pair of shears and a pot of mucilage, we can have the treatise ready in three or four days. Cut from the books what may be required, for text or notes, and insert it in the proper place. This is the way modern law books are made. In this way our firm will be extensively advertised. As an advertisement, it would be a stroke of policy, and immortal honor would be secured. But pecuniary gain from the sale, must not be considered. The best books are worth but little, and publishers pay accordingly. But once published and we have ascended the Mount of Glory.

Dolittle. A capital idea. To see the name of Slaughter & Dolittle, in gold letters on the back of a treatise on "Injunctions a Specialty," and in the library of every lawyer in the land, would crown our success. Then think of receiving flattering notices from the legal journals, and the judges on the Bench. This would certainly be a sufficient reward for four days labor.

Slaughter. Secure then, the digests, paper, and mucilage, and set the students at the work. I will draft the headings, and a few paragraphs, for each chapter.

Dolittle. I will do so. [*Erit D* ()]. *Slaughter* writes. *Dolittle* returns with the articles.

S— Have you secured the articles for the treatise?

D— Yes, they are ready.

S— I have a few paragraphs for each chapter, ready. Here they are. Set the young men to copying, cutting and pasting. You mark the parts of the digests to be used, and indicate whether in the text or notes. It will be an excellent discipline for them, and bring glory to 1001 Pine, Injunctions a specialty. Young men! be diligent and faithful, and not only fortune, but glory is the reward. You will all receive a flattering notice in the introduction to this great work. Now to work!

[*D. proceeds to mark digests and the young students to copy, cut, and paste, with great rapidity. Enter Wing.* (—)].

W— You have a large force at work, I notice, Your practice must be large, Judge?

S— Our trade mark. "Injunctions a Specialty," gives us more than we can attend to. Large business—large cases—large fees.

W— On conferring with our House, we have agreed that we must secure your services, to look after our Chicago interest. It is valuable, and we feel that it is unsafe to trust it to the lawyers there who may have no experience with the Great Extraordinary Remedy. Here is a check for \$1000 to cover expenses and other matters that may be required; and here is the card of our attorney there. [*Handing them to S.*] Can you go there at once?

S— My business here is pressing, you see, but I think I might make arrangements to leave on the night train and be absent a few days. In fact, I have been considering the subject of establishing a branch injunction office there, where the new practice under the Great Writ might be introduced in the west. There is a grand field there.

W. You will obtain all the necessary facts from our attorney there. See that our interests are protected, and you shall be amply rewarded,

S— The office of 1001 Pine, Judge Slaughter of Counsel, Injunctions a Specialty, always protects the interests of clients, with the Great Extraordinary Remedy.

[*W. bowing departs.*]

Dolittle! [*D. appears from the back office*]. I must leave to night for Chicago, on important business, not only for myself, but others. I think we must start a branch office there. This is confidential. There's a hundred fortunes in it! I have been inspired with that idea. Now take charge of both departments of this office for a few days. If I could find time to go to Duluth, I could make 50,000 out of the Specialty. There has been corruption in the North Pacific and in the Duluth Land Company. And the stockholders here must have the aid of the Great Extraordinary Remedy. They must seek the office 1631 Pine, before justice is done. Mark my words, as the words of inspiration, here is 50,000. Then I could make a fortune at the Thousand Islands. Perhaps I may take them in on my return. There I would meet my old friend, Fielding. He left here a few days ago with his family and a few invited guests, to make a tour to Evergreen, one of the Thousand Islands, by way of the rivers and lake to Chicago and Duluth, and thence to his Summer home on Evergreen.

D— I will attend to the business of the office.

S— How progresses the book?

D— Rapidly! See this pile of matter, now ready for the printer. [*Holds up a pile of paper.*] At this rate it will be finished by to-morrow night.

S— All right. The sooner the better. It won't do to put much work on it. Law Publishers pay but little, and it makes but little difference what the manuscript contains, if there is plenty of it. But mind you, accept no royalty on books sold. Their free and exchange list beats a country newspaper. Don't accept a royalty on sales made. A word to the wise.

Let the printers furnish a corrected proof, embracing mistakes in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and make such additions as may be required to make sense. Then we will make additions to text and notes; and then have a similar proof of this. The great labor of the most successful authors, is after the manuscript is in the hands of the printers. This I will attend to.

Now, I must see to the service of the injunction on Judge Lilliput, to restrain him from issuing an anticipated injunction against the Erie, and secure a pass over that road. So farewell. Remember, Judge Slaughter of Counsel. 1001. Pine. 'Injunctions a specialty.' [*Exit S.* ()].

A C T II.

SCENE VIII.—*Front of Jail. Antony with James at the door.*

Antony. I want to put a flea in your ear. But you must keep mum. Now you have a wife and child to look after, and I don't like to shut up a man under such circumstances. It appears to me that it is all wrong. I can tell you something. I allow prisoners, like you, to go out in the garden, and hoe a little, or split wood, here, for exercise. I shall give you this privilege. It ain't far over the way there to the brush and timber, and if you should be missed some day, I don't think there would be much fuss made about it. Do you understand?

Brown. Yes; I think I do comprehend the suggestion. All right! [*B. and A. enter Jail. End of Scene.*]

A C T II.

SCENE IX.—*Living room at the residence of Mr. Slaughter. Rickety table, set. Present, Mrs. S. and two daughters Susan and Jane, aged respectively 14 and 16 years—all in soiled and shabby garments. Cooking stove and chairs to suit. Enter Slaughter () with a package of goods.*

Slaughter. Hurra! hurra! hurra! Here we are, once more happy, in the bosom of our family. [*Embraces Mrs. S. and kisses the girls.*]

Mrs. S. Why are you so late to dinner, my dear?

S— Business! Business! I've no time to eat. Judge Slaughter of Counsel, office 1001 Pine, has no time to waste. What have you left?

Mrs. S. Susan and Jane have devoured nearly all the goose. They couldn't wait. It seems as though they couldn't get enough to eat.

S— Well, let the girls have all they want to eat, now. They have been stinted a long time. I am now elevated out of the financial slough, in which I stuck so long, and have once more enough to buy all the food they want. Their father, Thomas Slaughter, has become Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty. It is the result of enterprise and inspiration.

But let me show you what I have bought. [*Undoes the*

package.] Here's a pattern for each of you, and the best goods I could find. I have been so overwhelmed with business, I hav n't had time to look at that house up on 6th; and I must leave to-night for Chicago on important matters. When I return I will secure a home for you all—a first class one. In the meantime have the dresses made up and eat all you want.

[Mrs. S. and the girls examine the goods.]

Jane. Isn't this lovely? *[Holding up the goods.]* I guess we'll be as good as any of the girls now.

Susan. Mine'll take the shine off Pussy Stevens' new dress.

Mrs. S. What on 'arth are you coming to, Thomas? It seems 'though heaven's broke loose.

Mr. S. The result of enterprise and inspiration—Injunctions a specialty, has worked wonders. Simple words, but full of meaning. They express the whole law and practice—business! wealth! fortune! honor! glory!

[Pressing Mrs. S. again to his bosom and kissing the girls, and in their joy, all dance around the room.]

Mrs. S. For the land sake! who'd a thought it? How did you ever think of injuncting especially? Them words are so strange. I should never a thought on 'em, in all my born days. Land'a massa what shall we do with all these things?

Mr. S. O, we'll have use for them when we get in our new house, and have a carriage to ride down to the office, and go a shopping with.

Susan. You don't say so, pa?

Mr. S. O, Yes! Money is flowing in like the tidal waves. I shan't know what to do with it. I've got all my pockets full now, and lots in the bank. *[Pulls out his hands full—some scatters on the floor, which the girls scramble for.]* This is the fruit of inspiration and enterprise. A happy hit in that trade mark, or rather professional mark, "Injunctions a Specialty."

Mrs. S. Injuncting especially! Who'd a thought there was so much in them words? Injuncting especially!

Mr. S. I must take a little dinner, now, and then be off to Chicago. A carriage is waiting at the door, to take me to the depot. Have you any goose left? *[Sitting down to the table.]*

Mrs. S. Nothing, my dear Judge,^a but the neck^r and the gizzard. Susie, dear child, took the last leg.

Mr. S. Well, set up such as you have. Next time I'll get a pair. I shan't stay to eat much. *[Mrs. S. setting ~~and~~ of*

the remains of the dinner on the table]. And it won't take long to dispose of what remains. Never mind my dear. I have a pass for a palace dining room car and sleeper, on the Erie, and I can finish my dinner there.

Mrs. S. Girls! Why don't you wait on your father? It don't seem's though he was your father, now. He is so changed. That stand up collar makes him 'pear like a judge.

Mr. S. That is the title I bear. Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty.

Mrs. S. Do tell! Judge Slaughter, Counsel of Pine, 1001, injections especially. Lord 'a massy!

Mr. S. I must be off. Business enterprise requires it. Give me the old satchel, and a clean shirt, if I have one.

[*Mrs. S. goes for the shirt.*]

Mrs. S. Here is one, but it needs some mending. [*Brings forth the shirt and old satchel*].

Mr. S. Never mind, put it in. It wont show when it is on me. I can't stay. Good by, all! [*Embraces and kisses them*] I must be known in Chicago, as Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty.

Girls. Good by, pa. [*Exit Mr. S. ()*].

Mrs. S. Good by, Judge. Injections especially!

[*End of Act.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.--Room in the mansion of Henry Fielding, on Evergreen, one of the islands of the St. Lawrence. Lena his daughter seven years old, asleep on a bed. Enter Fielding, (—) past middle age of life, gazing at Lena. Time, morn'ing.

Fielding. [*Sol*]. She still sleeps. The long walk yesterday exhausted her physical strength, and she seemed worse than usual last night. But her sleep is undisturbed now, and a placid serenity rests upon her sweet face, half buried beneath her hair. [*Pushes back her hair, and kisses her. Lays his hand upon her arm. Lena awakes, and gazes with surprise.*]

Lena. Why, this is you, papa! I—I, thought it was some one else. I was dreaming. [*Extending her hand to her father.*] Good morning, papa.

Fielding. Good morning, my dear. [*Kisses her.*]

[*Lena.* [*Gazing out of the window.*] What a lovely morning. See the drops on the leaves. They sparkle in the sun like diamonds. I must get up and enjoy these things with you.

[*Enter Mrs. Fielding.* ()].

Fielding. Our agent, Mr. Russell, will go on the yacht, this morning, to the National Methodist Camp Ground, on one of the Islands a few miles above here. Stella and others desire to go, and I thought you would like to take a trip there.

Mrs. F. I have felt a desire to see a meeting in the open air and in the woods, and I think I will go.

Mr. F. Then get ready as soon as possible, as the Neptune is all in order for the trip.

Mrs. F. Would you like to go with us, Lena? I think you would enjoy the ride and the meeting in the woods. It is so curious to have religious services on an island and under the trees.

Lena. But papa will be here almost alone. I think I had better stay with him. Besides I do not feel very strong this morning. I was thinking last night of my doll, Susie, and the little kittens down in New York, and many other things, so that I could not rest; and then in the morning I had a beautiful dream, when papa came to my room. Oh, what beautiful things I saw! I thought—

Mrs. F. O, there my child, you are always dreaming of beautiful things—of cats and dogs and birds, and dolls, in heaven. You must not think of these absurd things; and I have not time now to listen to your dreamy visions.

Lena. Well, mama, I will not tell you any more about them. But this one was so beautiful that I thought everybody would like to hear about it.

Mrs. F. We will go to the Camp Meeting, and you can stay and tell your papa all about your strange dream.

F— I have directed Mr. Russell to invite Dr. Philos to Evergreen. He is a distinguished scientist, who has been spending some time here among the islands, investigating the geology of this section. He will also probably bring with him on the Neptune, several others, whom I have requested him to invite here to our summer home. Lena and I will remain here and take a stroll on the island, but we will not take so long a walk as we did yesterday.

Lena. Yes, we will go to the arbor near the observatory, where we saw the wild ducks and geese sailing on the water

and the black crow on the pine tree, and the squirrels in the branches. I want to see if these birds are as beautiful as those I saw in my dream.

[Exit Mrs. F. ()].

F— Then you saw birds in your dream, did you?

Lena. O, yes; and I saw many other nice things.

F— What else did you see, my dear?

Lena I saw beautiful lawns, and marble paved walks, with overhanging trees, bordered with fragrant flowers. I also saw a beautiful lake, surrounded with beds of handsome plants and flowers; and near by were children in the shade of trees, with dolls, and birds, and kittens like little Fanny, that died in New York. Do you remember little Fanny that died, and that we placed in the box and buried in the cold ground in the garden?

F— O, yes.

Lena. Do you remember Lotta Steller, that lived in the next house to us, and who used to come and play with me in the garden and the park?

F— Certainly, my child.

Lena. It made me feel so bad, when she died, and they came with the black coffin, and men came with black crape on their arms.

F— But what has this to do with your dream? I thought you were going to tell me about your dream.

Lena. Yes, I am. But I saw little Lottie in my dream. She was with a little company of other children, by the side of the beautiful lake. She came to me in my dream with my little Fanny, that we used to play with, and seemed as happy as ever to meet me. She placed one arm around me and kissed me, and holding up little Fanny on the other arm, she said they were all happy there. At the time you woke me, I saw your friend who used to visit us in New York. He lived up near the Park, and had an office down in the City Hall, where we went to see the fine pictures in the Governor's room.

F— Yes, I remember him. He died over a year ago.

Lena. He was approaching me at the time you touched my arm and I awoke.

F— I am sorry that I interrupted you in your pleasing dream.

Lena. I forgot to tell you, papa, that Lotta said she was in heaven. Do you think this was heaven, papa? [*Fielding averts his face and remains silent.*] Don't you think

there are trees, and lakes, and flowers, and dolls and kittens in the Spirit world, papa? Is not the Spirit world as lovely and beautiful as the parks and Evergreen?

F— Yes, I hope so, my dear. I must leave you now for a short time to attend to some business. I expect several guests here on the Neptune, when she returns from the Camp Meeting. I will send Jerusha here to assist you in dressing, and after breakfast we will take another walk—perhaps as far as the Great Cave.

[*Exit F.* () *End of scene.*]

ACT III.

SCENE II.—*National Methodist Camp Ground on Ta-na-ha-ta, or Welles Island, one of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence. A view of the St. Lawrence and islands. Tabernacle—a pavillion for speakers; and a large meeting. Singing “Ninety and Nine.” Slaughter, Judge Livingstone, Lewis, and others in front. Livingstone introducing Lewis and Slaughter.*

Livingstone. Mr. Lewis, Judge Slaughter, a New York lawyer. [*Shake hands.*]

Lewis. Happy to meet you. I understand you make Injunctions a Specialty. These grounds belong to a Joint Stock Company. I am the treasurer and a large stockholder. The occupants are mere tenants in possession under a contract of purchase. Three thousand dollars are now due on the purchase money and the society delays the payment. The meetings will soon close. Would an injunction bring the money?

Slaughter. Nothing is more certain. Injunction is the most effectual remedy. This Great Extraordinary Equitable Remedy, is our specialty. It was instituted for this express purpose. It is the right arm of equity! the Magnum Bonum, the palladium—the Magna Charta, of legal rights! Without this Great Extraordinary Process, you would be without remedy; and it is fortunate that I am here to assist you. With the well known firm which I have the honor to represent on these grounds, consecrated to religion, the Great Extraordinary Remedy is a specialty. The office is well known. Judge Slaughter, of counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty.

Lewis. What would be required in this case? and what would be your charges?

Slaughter. The proper course to pursue is also clear. I have some blank papers here which I can fill out in a moment. You can sign and swear to the matters set forth. Judge Livingstone can step into one of the little tenements surrounding the Tabernacle, and as of chambers, (a mere fiction of the law,) he will grant an injunction, restraining the occupants from further use of the grounds, until the sum is paid or the further orders of the judge. This may be served upon the ministers, deacons, officers, and managers, and would effectually stop the further progress of the meetings.

Lewis. But will this bring the money?

Slaughter. This Great Equitable Remedy, the Magna Charta of our liberties, the Magnum Bonum, should be used in this case as a coercive remedy. Circumstances would forbid the immediate abandonment of this island and tented field. The proper practice in such a case would be to secure the injunction; but before service, suggest to the ministers, and others, that the requisite funds could in an emergency, like this, be easily raised by a contribution on the grounds. I am liberal in such cases and I shouldn't mind giving five or ten dollars, myself. Pass around the box after a statement of the facts in the case from the Tabernacle, and my word for it, the sum is raised. As I am absent from the office, on an excursion amidst this beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence, and desire to aid a worthy object, I will undertake to accomplish the purpose for half the amount I should ask under other circumstances—say five hundred dollars.

Lewis. We have a payment to make on the original purchase, and must have the money. So prepare the papers, and I will have the proper parties advised of the proceedings, and suggest to them the course you have indicated. Step this way. [*They enter a tenement, with Judge Livingstone. Lewis soon appears again, and goes towards the Tabernacle. He soon returns. Re-enter () Slaughter and Judge Livingstone.*]

Slaughter. Here are the papers.

Lewis. I have advised them of my action, and the Rev. Mr. Lovewell, is now presenting the case to the large audience, with an exhortation to them to contribute to the payment of the sum due. There! I notice they are now making a collection. I think they will raise the amount.

Livingstone. Mrs. Fielding and her party are contribu-

ting. The money will easily be raised. They are getting enthusiastic. Now the collectors are returning to the Pavilion.

Lewis. This is a wonderful remedy of yours. It is singular that it hain't been in use before.

Slaughter. It is an old remedy. But its virtues seem to have been lost amidst the exciting scenes through which our people have passed, and the want of ability on the part of our profession.

Lewis. Here are some Deacons and Officers approaching. I presume they are coming to make payment.

[*Parties approach.*]

Deacon. Mr. Lewis, we have succeeded in raising more than sufficient to meet the obligation. Here is the money. You may give us a receipt.

[*Lewis takes the money and counts it*].

Lewis. All right. I will write a receipt. [*Writes one*]. Here it is. [*Deacons gaze and listen*]. Here is your fee, Judge. [*Handing Slaughter \$500.*] The Great Extraordinary Writ, is a wonderful remedy. It is strange that it hain't been introduced here before.

Slaughter. It's full virtues cannot be duly appreciated, here. In the larger cities, and in the proper management of those gigantic corporations, like the Erie and the Hudson River and New York Central, its merits have been duly appreciated. And in the Great Stock Exchange in New York its potency has been felt by even the Bulls and the Bears.

Deacon. Do you refer to the Millenium?

Slaughter. Yes, partly. When the Bulls and the Bears lie down together, the lions and the lambs, will soon follow. The former have felt its influence, and in time I expect, through our specialty, that all the beasts of prey will be made as gentle as lambs.

Lewis. I am thankful to you.

S— All right; I shall hope to aid you again.

[*End of scene.*]

ACT III.

SCENE III.—*Drawing room of the mansion of Mr. Fielding on Evergreen. Present, F. and Lena. Enter Russell, his agent.*

Fielding. From the singing and shouting on the Neptune I should imagine that you were transporting the whole Camp Meeting to Evergreen, on the little yacht.

Russell. Yes, we had considerable music on the trip. Several persons have accepted invitations to visit Evergreen. I found Dr. Philos as I anticipated. But he informed me that Mrs. Philos and two children had recently come from the East to attend the Camp Meeting, and that she had become very zealous and much interested in the meetings. I then extended the invitation for all of them to enjoy your hospitalities here, during their continuance, which was accepted, and they will be here in a moment. I hastened to apprise you of the facts. Mr. Anderson, a wierd and eccentric man, is also in the party. The colored Minstrels will be here to-morrow.

[*The company approach singing, Mrs. Philos leading her children, Solomon aged 7 years, and Naomi aged 9 years. Enter party from the Camp Ground ()*].

Mrs. Philos. The Spirit of the Lord is moving. Kings shall bow down and worship him, and the nations of the earth shall serve him. Evil doers shall be cut off, but those that wait upon the Lord shall inherit the earth. [*Addressing Mr. Fielding.*] It was good to be there. The Spirit of the Lord was upon the people. Every one that asketh receiveth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

F— I presume Mrs. Philos, you have enjoyed the camp meetings?

Mrs. P.— Yes, I have been there three days, and feel that I have been revived. I can now see more clearly, through faith, the great white throne of the Eternal City.

“Lift up your eyes of faith and see,
Saints and angels joined in one,
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne.”

[*Casting glances at Solomon and Naomi; whom she still holds by their hands.*]

Solomon and Naomi are the source of much anxiety to me. The perversity of the young heart is amazing. I have tried to make them interested in the preaching. I have

done a mother's Christian duty, in instructing them in the Word of God. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. I have set them an example of a life of holiness, but I fear that they are still out of the ark of safety.

[*Solomon and Naomi notice Lena playing, and manifest a desire to be released.*]

Fielding. How do you like Evergreen?

Mrs. P—— All! All! is vanity! What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Fielding. Tea is now ready, Mrs. Philos. Jerusha, conduct Mrs. Philos. to her room.

Russell. [*Introducing Dr. Philos, and Mr. Anderson.*] Mr. Fielding, Dr. Philos—Mr. Anderson.

Fielding. You are quite welcome, Doctor. I am pleased to see you here. [*Shakes hands with the Doctor.*] And Mr. Anderson, also. [*Shakes hands with Mr. Anderson, a weird and cadaverous man, with long hair and thread-bare garments.*]

Enter Slaughter (). Fielding to Mrs. F. and Stella. Aside.

Fielding. Why, there is lawyer Slaughter, of New York, an old Connecticut acquaintance. I knew him when we were boys. I wonder what has called him here. He was the picture of poverty the last time I saw him in New York, and I gave him \$10.

[*Slaughter approaches and shakes hands with F.*]

Slaughter. Glad to meet you my old friend, under more favorable circumstances than the last time we met. Things are changed, and I ride triumphantly on the waves of prosperity to an immense fortune! In fact I may say that I and fortune have already joined hands. We are married forever!

Fielding. I am pleased to hear of your success. But how did you woo the fickle dame?

Slaughter. Yankee enterprise united with genius and inspiration will succeed. I have made three efforts to win her. The last succeeded. First, you will remember I became a politician, was elected magistrate down in Connecticut, and seemed on the road to success, but I failed to secure a second term. I then embarked my all, in the Claim Agency, Back-pay, and County business, in New York. This succeeded for a time, but finally it played out. In the very depths of poverty and despair, I became inspired with the idea of making Injunctions a Speciality. I

attended the higher courts in New York, observed the advantages of that Great Extraordinary Remedy, the bulwark of financial rights—the *magnum bonum* of the people, the almost exclusive subject of consideration by all the courts, and the magnitude of the cases in which the Remedy was sought; and I, with my Yankee enterprise, accepted the words of inspiration, opened an office on the first floor, 1001 Pine, on the front windows of which appeared in golden letters, “H. Dolittle Solicitor, Judge Slaughter, of Counsel, Injunctions a Specialty.” From that time my office was literally flooded with clients, and I am now one of the money kings of Manhattan.

F— A remarkable success.

S— I have been to Chicago to advise with a local attorney, in an important injunction case. You see New York is the great centre of Commerce, money, and law—especially of Injunctions as a specialty. They have worked it up there to the highest pitch. In the West they have failed to see the potency of the Great Extraordinary Remedy as a means of restraining courts. At least they failed to comprehend the practice in such cases. I went there to advise, and I am about to establish a branch office there for “Injunctions a Specialty.” There is a grand opening. There’s a hundred fortunes in it. There is only one cause for alarm to me, but I am prepared for the emergency, which I will privately mention. It must not, however, reach the ears of any professional shyster. I have feared that all the courts would be enjoined, so as to ruin the business. Inspiration has again whispered to me, “Mandamus a Specialty.” Now mandamus is the Great Extraordinary Legal Remedy, and is more potent even than Injunctions. If injunctions should fail, there’s a hundred fortunes in Mandamus as a specialty. In fact it is the Great Legal Prerogative Writ that may compell anything to be done which a client can ask. With such a powerful engine—the right arm of courts of law—who can say that there’s not a hundred fortunes in it. I am prepared to meet that emergency. But for the present my motto is, “Injunctions a Specialty.”

Fielding. Tea is now ready. Walk, out Mr. Slaughter.

[*Exit S.* ()].

Russell. [*To F.*] I have fixed up the cabin on the North side of the island for the Colored Jubilee Singers, and supplied the yards with ducks and chickens; and these I think will afford them pleasure.

Fielding. A good idea. Have it ready in time.

Russell. I found at the Camp Ground, Mr. Webb, an English actor, who is full of amusement and humor; and Mr. Whitney, an old naval officer. He was on the American ship *Oneida*, that cruised among the islands here in the war of 1812, and for many years he has spent his summers here. They are both qualified to please and instruct, and will be here in a day or two.

Fielding. All right! I shall be pleased to see them.

[*Exit R.* ()].

[*Enter Stella, a niece of Mr. Fieldings* ()].

Stella. I have not informed you that the first speaker at the Tabernacle, on the Camp Ground to-day, was the Rev. Mr. Lovewell. We made his acquaintance there, and extended him an invitation to visit us, which he accepted, and he will be here on the Neptune to-morrow evening.

F— Not the Mr. Lovewell we heard preach in Chicago, on our trip to Evergreen? and that you were pleased, if not in love with?

Stella. The same one; and his discourse was splendid. It was far better than the one at Chicago, and his eloquence produced a profound sensation.

F— Well, I am happy to hear it. I shall certainly be pleased to make his acquaintance, and to entertain him here.

[*Exeunt—End of Scene.*

ACT III.

Scene IV—“*Leafy Temple*,” a large seated Arbor on Evergreen. Present, *Fielding, Dr. Philos, Mr. Slaughter, Louis Marsile, Anderson, Minstrels, and a large assembly.* A high bluff and the opening of the Great Cave in the distance.

Fielding. [To Uncle Abe, the head of the colored Minstrel family]. How do you like your quarters.

Uncle Abe. Could n't beat 'em, very well. Had an old fashioned time there, last night, we did.

Aunt Hanna. Thought we was down Souf, once more. Derse ducks and chicks, look a heap like dem we had down dar. Lor bless me, Mr. Feely, if we had such tings all de time, we neber tink going back to Old Kentuck any more.

F— Why, you hav'n't thought of going back to Old Kentucky, again, have you?

Aunt H. You see, Mr. Feely, we hab heap of trouble in de norf. We hab to look arter ourselves here, for de white folks don't keer nofing for niggars here. We try to get some money to buy a little isle in the St. Lawrence; but it mighty hard work. It take all we raise in de summer to lib in de winter, and its de same wid de cows and the hosses. If it wern't for de ole songs we sing and de jubilees, we'd hab a hard time on't. Den dere's dem two little cherubims we had to leave dare in de ground under de old parsimon tree, 'pears dat I ort to go and see dem again. I hab no comfort here but de meetins and de songs and dese chilern. [*Looking at her family.*]

F— O, you will yet have all the old comforts and pleasures you had down South, and you are not in fear that your little ones will be taken from you and sent off where you cannot see them, as you were down there.

Aunt H. Dat am true. [*weeping*]. I hab a dear blessed cherubim taken down to Alabam, an' I neber seed her any more, or heer'd of her, 'cept what Myra Sims tole me. She wern't very well, no way, and I 'spec she died afore de war. For all de worl dat man, [*gazing at Anderson*], act like Myra Sims.

Fielding. Who was Aunt Myra Sims?

Aunt H. Lor' han't you heerd o' Myra Sims? I thought eb'ry body heerd o' her. She was the curiest ole woman I eber seed. Ebry body heerd o' her down in ol' Kentuck. She were a kind o' witch, and used to tell fortins to de niggers, and de white folks too used to go to see Aunt Myra. Her ole Massa kind a' feard her, cause I 'spec he was guilty. Dat's de way wid some folks, when da gets guilty, da gets afeerd.

F— Well, what did she do, and how did she act?

Aunt H. She did ebry ting and said ebry ting. She tole all about what was dun and gone, and about tings to cum. She say de niggars were goin to be free. And she tole all about de war. Den she tole all about dat blessed cherubim down in Alabam. She said de poor chile wanted to see her old mudder, and dat de angels come one night and took her away, so her old Massa could not 'buse her any more. [*Gazing at Anderson, who is sitting on the border of the arbor, with a nervous twitching of the arms and head.*] 'Pears like Myra is here herself, it is so nateral. But Myra used to make a fire ob hazel brush on de flat rock afore de cave. Den she would go up to de great dark hole, and peep

in, den she would set down by de fire, den she would hab all de niggers take hole o' hans, and dance around de fire, den de spirit ob de Lord would come and Myra would tell all about de poor souls down in Alabam and Missip, and how da wanted to come back to dare ole home.

Anderson. [*In a solemn and hollow voice.*] Yes, she is here, with the child. It was Sim's child. They are drawn here by the harmonies of these earthly friends, and the sympathy that exists between them.

Aunt H. Bless de Lor, den dey are shurely here wid dis ole woman. And dat is what I always said, it was Massa Sims' chile. It look a heap like him. [*Weeping.*]

F— Will the Minstrels now favor us with a song.

Minstrels. [*Sing.*]

“The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky home,
It's summer the darkeys are gay,
The corn tops ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By 'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my Old Kentucky home good night.

Weep no more my lady
Weep no more for me,
We'll sing one song for the Old Kentucky home,
For the Old Kentucky home, far away.”

[*Etc.*]

Dr. Phelos. [*To Mr. Fielding.*] This is Louis Marsile, known as the “Old Man of the Cave”—Mr Fielding. [*Introducing.*]

F— I am happy to meet you. You are welcome. [*Shaking hands.*]

Louis M. I have frequently come to this Island, which you have named Evergreen, without a welcome.

F— I have heard so. But things are changed. We would at some convenient time be pleased to have you relate some of the incidents connected with the Island, with which you have been familiar so long. I understand that the Great Cave down there, is a place of peculiar interest to you.

Louis M. Yes that is true. But I am expecting Sken-so-wa-ne, an Indian maiden, of St. Regis, who has been familiar with these Islands since she was a chlld, and is acquainted with places of interest upon this one. She is also

familiar with the legends of her tribe connected with it, and will be able to interest you with them more than I could.

Fielding. [*To Dr. Philos.*] Are you acquainted with this Indian girl?

Dr. P. I think I have met her. In my travels last spring, I visited St. Regis, a rustic and romantic Indian Village, situated on a reservation, a few miles below here. Desiring to cross the St. Lawrence, at that Place she took me to the Canadian side in her canoe, and interested me by her accounts of the village and her tribe there, and these islands.

Mr. F. Will you favor us with some account of these?

Dr. Philos. The St. Regis Indians are a remnant of the Mohawk tribe of the great family of the Iroquois. Many years ago, this branch was located at Cochnawaga, near Montreal. It is a matter of history, that in the year 1704, a party of them united with some French Canadian adventurers, and went to Deerfield, Massachusetts, and captured the Rev. Mr. Williams and his wife and two daughters, and that Mrs. Williams becoming exhausted on the route and unable to travel, was killed by an Indian. Mr. Williams and one of the daughters was soon after ransomed; but the other daughter remained there, and was educated in the language, adopted the customs, and embraced the Catholic religion of the tribe. She finally married a chief, and her descendants with others afterwards located at St. Regis. Sken-so-wa-ne is a beautiful, dusky maiden, and a descendant of the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Williams. I will further say, that there is a legend that the bell that hangs in the belfry of the great stone church near the center of the village, was also captured from a church in Deerfield at the same time of the capture of the Williams family, and that it was also taken to Cochnawaga where it remained for some time, but was afterwards removed to St. Regis, where it now marks the time for religious services in the old Catholic church. But here comes the camp meeting party.

[*In the distance, Mrs. Philos, leading Solomon and Naomi, Mrs. Fielding, Rev. Mr. Lovewell, Mr. Webb, an actor, Jerush and Maggy, servant girls, Mr. Whitney, an old Naval officer, Mr. Russell and others approach, singing,*

“We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatmen,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.”

[*Enter camp meeting company, continuing to sing.*]

“Though the mists hang o’er the river,
And the billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of Angels
Wafted from the other shore.”

[*etc. Enter () Louis Phillippe Dumont, George Washington Philbrick, Leonidas Humbolt, Jones, and Napoleon Van Dusen, sporting young men from New York. They approach Mr. Fielding.*]

Fielding. I am pleased to see you here. [*Shaking hands.*] You are welcome to Evergreen. We were much saddened Louis, to hear of the death of your mother.

Louis P. It was a severe stroke indeed to me, and in order to relieve my sorrow I fled here. In doing so I have, however, carried out previous arrangements.

[*Russell and Webb approach, and the former introduces Webb and F.*]

Russell. Mr. Fielding—Mr. Webb. [*Shake hands.*]

Fielding. Happy to meet you, Mr. Webb.

Webb. “All the world’s a stage,
And all men and women are merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

Fielding. True ! The world is a stage, and the exit soon comes.

Webb. Death is a terrible thing.

Fielding. To some it is so—not to me.

Webb. “Ay, but to die and go we know not where;

To lie in cold abstraction, and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod.

* * *

The meanest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.”

Fielding. You seemed filled with humorous thoughts, mingled with serious ones.

Webb. “Let me play the fool;

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like a grandsire in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?"

[*Solomon and Naomi observe the actor. Mrs. Philos notices it, and draws them nearer to her.*]

Mrs. P. [*Addressing Mr. Webb.*] The fear of the Lord is the begining of wisdom. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

[*Leads the children away.*]

[*Stella and Mr. Lovewell seated under overhanging branches of a tree near the border of the Leafy Temple, Mr. Fielding approaches, and they rise.*]

Stella. Uncle, this is Mr. Lovewell, whom you have seen before. Mr. Lovewell—Mr. Fielding. [*Shake hands.*]

Lovewell. Yes, I remember him well.

Fielding. I presume Stella has told you all about the circumstance, which brought us into your presence, at your church one Sunday in Chicago.

Lovewell. O, yes; and given me an account of your pleasant trip here afterwards. And we were mutually surprised to meet at the camp ground yesterday.

Stella. And it was quite an agreeable one.

Lovewell. Yes, there is something so strange about it.

[*Fielding departs smiling.*]

Stella. Let us take seats. [*Sit down. Observing Webb.*] That Webb is a curious character.

Lovewell. He has afforded amusement many times to various little knots that would gather around, to witness his humorous and fantastic performances in sequestered places on the island at the camp ground. I have been much amused myself with him. I noticed him the other day taking various Shakesperean characters in a little bower with a dark background of foliage. I sometimes wander away from the Tabernacle, to remote parts of the island; and I learn some lessons of human nature in this way that are frequently useful to me.

Stella. Do you see the young men talking over there.

Lovewell. Yes, I noticed them as they entered. Who are they?

Stella. They are from New York, and are encamped on Evergreen. They have come to spend the summer here—to find pleasure and sources of amusement.

Lovewell. Some lovers perhaps, that have followed you here. You seem agitated by this observation. There must

be some truth in this. Well I will not press the matter. We will change the subject for the present.

I crown you Queen
Of Evergreen.

[Places a delicate wreath upon her head, which they had formed in their walk to the Temple.]

Stella. [Smiling.] You are a poet as well as a preacher, Mr. Lovewell. Your remark has the qualities of a rhyme.

Lovewell. [Gazing at Stella. Aside.]

My ideal of female loveliness seems to be realized. Is this a reality, or the mere creation of imagination? [Aloud.] The leader of that party of young men seems to be attracted to you, Stella. He observes you frequently.

Stella. Perhaps so. But I would avoid him. That is Louis Phillipe Dumont; the only son of a wealthy New Yorker.

Lovewell. There is an unpleasant mystery about this. My interest in you at our first meeting at Chicago has increased, I may say that the little fire then kindled has grown to a great flame. You fill my ideal. I am in love, and you know the object of that passion.

Stella. My situation Mr. Lovewell is peculiar. I cannot now say what my feelings would prompt. For the present only think of me as a friend and admirer, or at most let our feelings be limited to a platonic sentiment and regard.

Lovewell. Could you give me no key to this mystery? The anxiety will be oppressive.

Stella. I will only say at this time, that shortly before we left New York, I received a proposition of marriage from Louis Phillipe. His mother was the bearer of it to my aunt, Mrs. Fielding, who presented it to me. They were quite intimate, and it seems had arranged this matter between them. I was quite surprised when I received it, and was silent. My aunt spoke of the great advantage to me of such a union—of the wealth and social standing of the Dumont family, and urged my acceptance of the proposition. I still continued silent. Assuming that this arose from my modesty, and concluding that I could not reasonably refuse such an offer, she asked me to fix the time for the celebration of the nuptials. "Not now," I observed, and she left me alone. I had but little personal acquaintance with Louis Phillippe, and had certainly no affection for him. But I deemed it prudent to say but little, as I was dependent upon my uncle for my home and social position.

I have never had any conversation with Louis on the subject, nor with my uncle. But from what was said and done at that interview, it seems to be assumed by Louis Philippe that we are engaged.

Lowrell. Do you consider that there is any binding obligation on your part ?

Stella. No, I have not felt that there was ; but I propose to state the facts to my uncle, and get his opinion upon the question.

Lowrell. Do so at the earliest opportunity and advise me of the result.

Stella. I will,

Fielding. Will the minstrels sing us one of their melodies ?

Uncle Abe. O, yes. [*Sing.*]

I am growing old and weary, now my sight is getting dim,
And my work upon the earth is nearly done ;
Old massa has departed, I soon will follow him,
And my friends have crossed the river one by one,
Oh ! 'tis sad to bid good-bye, to all that was so dear,
For I'll never see those good old times again,
And I miss the happy voices that I fondly used to hear,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

Ah, yes, I am old and feeble now, my head is bending low,
And I never more shall hoe the corn again ;
Yet the angels they will lead me when my time has come to go
From the little old log cabin in the lane,

Oh, I once was happy all the day, and never knew a care,
And my good old wife she wandered by my side ;
Our little home was humble, but happiness was there,
'Twas the sweetest spot in all the world so wide ;
Now 'tis sinking to decay, and all is dark and sad,
And I hear upon the roof the falling rain ;
E'n the banjo now is silent that once made my heart so glad,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

Ah, yes, I am old and feeble now, my head is bending low,
And I never more shall hoe the corn again,
Yet the angels they will lead me when my time has come to go
From the little old log cabin in the lane.

So I'll totter to my journey's end, and try to do my best,
Tho' I'm sad and weary hearted all the day ;
The angels soon will call me, I soon will be at rest,
In the bright and happy home so far away.

Still I linger by the door, and try to sing my song,
 As I used to do among the sugar cane;
 I am waiting for the summons, and it will soon come along,
 To my little old log cabin in the lane.

Ah, yes, I am old and feeble now, my head is bending low,
 And I never more shall hoe the corn again;
 Yet the angels they will lead me when my time has come to go
 From my little old log cabin in the lane.

Marsile. Here is Sken-so-wa-ne, approaching in her canoe. I will go down and invite her to come up here, and make you acquainted with her.

Fielding. Do so.

[*Exit Marsile* (), *Sken-so-wa-ne, lands in her canoe in a cove near by.*]

Webb. [*Aside. Gazing at Sken-so-wa-ne as she approaches.*]

“Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethop’s ear,
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear;
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o’er her fellows shows.”

Dr. Philos. She is the same maiden I met at St. Regis. Her name as she informed me signifies “the bird that soars and warbles.” Mr. Marsile has frequently met her.

Enter Marsile with Sken-so-wa-ne, () a lovely ideal Indian girl, with appropriate costume, and introduces her to Mr. Fielding.

Marsile. Sken-so-wa-ne, from St. Regis—Mr. Fielding the proprietor of Evergreen. She is here on one of her annual visits to the Thousand Isles.

Fielding. She is welcome. And I will endeavor to make her stay here agreeable.

Sken-so-wa-ne. Thank you, Monsieur Fielding. Ana-mo-sa possesses great charms for me. Ever since I was a mere child, I have visited it at least twice annually; and I know of no island more beautiful among all the Thousand. I hope the many interesting places upon it may be protected and preserved by you, and that I may be permitted to make my annual visits to it.

Fielding. I assure you that any places upon the island that may be of interest, or sacred to you or your tribe will be protected. I noticed that you called it Ana-mo-sa. Was that the Indian name? If so, what does it signify?

Sken-so-wa-ne. Yes, that was its name, which you have

changed, it seems, to Evergreen. It signifies White Fawn. There is a curious tradition connected with the name. There was a distinguished chief of one branch of the Mohawk tribe that once had a wigwam near where your mansion now stands. He cleared off and cultivated a portion of the island there, and some of the old trees there shaded his wigwam, when they were small. He was returning from a hunt, at twilight one night, and at the lower end of the island, not far below the Great Cave, he saw an object which he supposed was a fawn, and drawing his bow aimed an arrow at it. On approaching it, he found that the arrow had pierced the breast of his little daughter. She was dead and the old chief was sad. That night she was buried by the side of the boulder on which she sat when she was slain, and during all the life time of the old chief, he daily visited this place at twilight, and as he stood where the fatal arrow was aimed, he would see the form of a white fawn. And from this circumstance in the time long ago, the island was named Ana-mo-sa.

Webb. [*Aside, to a group near him.*]

“Ye who love the haunts of nature,
 Love the sunshine and the meadow,
 Love the shadow and the forest,
 Love the wind among the branches,
 And the rain shower and the snow storm,
 And the rushing of great rivers,
 Through their palisades of pine trees.

* * *

Listen to these wild traditions.”

Fielding. Is the boulder still there?

Sken-so-wa-ne. Yes, with a little mound beside it, where she was buried; and certain characters engraved upon the rock by the old chief still remain.

Fielding. We have a band of minstrels here that sing at the Camp Meeting. If you would like to hear them I presume they would favor us with one of their melodies.

Sken-so-wa-ne. O, I want to go to the Camp Meeting, and would be pleased to listen to a song.

Fielding. You will have an opportunity. The little yacht, Neptune, goes there every day with a party from Evergreen. Will the Minstrels favor us with a song?

Uncle Abe. O, yes. We have a little song for dis purpose. [*Sing—Tune, Ida May.*]

Gone from the hearts that love her,
 Gone from her home away,

Gone in her childish beauty,
 Little Ana-mo-sa.
 Gone like the moon's light glimmer
 From off the rippling stream—
 Gone like the joyous pictures
 Of childhood's glowing dream,
 Gone from the hearts that love her,
 Gone from her home away—
 Gone in her childish beauty,
 Little Ana-mo-sa.

But in a land of beauty,
 Of never-fading flowers,
 Where care and sorrow come not—
 A holier clime than ours,
 She dwelleth now and kneeleth
 Beside the throne of God,
 In praise to him who raiseth,
 The spirit from the sod.

Gone from the hearts that love her,
 Gone from her home away,
 Gone in her childish beauty,
 Little Ana-mo-sa.

[*End of Scene.*]

A C T III.

SCENE V. *A small bower on Evergreen. Anderson seated with closed eyes, and a wierd and cadaverous appearance. Enter Lena () and approaching Anderson, observes him for a moment.*

Lena. You seem to see without your eyes, Mr. Anderson.

And. Yes, I think I do sometimes—without the use of these physical eyes. They are but the windows of the mental faculty of seeing. If the eyes were gone, the faculty would remain, and impressions might be made on it.

Lena. But I can't see without them.

And. True, you ordinarily use them to see. But you you have sometimes seen without them.

Lena. When, and where, did I see without them.

And. In your beautiful dream the other night ?

Lena. What dream do you refer to ?

A— When you saw your little playmate, Lotta, that

died in New York; and the lake, and the flowers, and the trees, and the groups of children, and the man that died in New York, who once had an office in the City Hall.

Lena. But did I see those things?

A— Yes, the impression of them was made on your faculty of seeing.

Lena. How was this done?

A— Your faculty of seeing was active, and intensified by your peculiar physical condition, and the impression was made by your guardian angel.

Lena. Is this the same kind of angel, that Mrs. Philos, and the preachers at the Camp Meeting talked about so much, and that they sing about?

A— Yes, I think it is the same. But they may have different views of the angels. You have seen the Psychologist impress the minds of the boys and girls, when they were awake, haven't you?

Lena. I did once see something of that kind in New York. He made them see all sorts of things, that nobody else could see.

A— Well, that is the way that angels sometimes impress our faculty of seeing, when we are asleep—and sometimes when we are awake.

Lena. Is that the way you see things?

A— I think it is, sometimes.

Lena. Do you mean to say, that I, in my dream, saw into the other world?

A— I think you had a glimpse of things in the Spirit World. I have frequently had views of the kind, when I have been in quiet places like this. And I come here often.

[*An Illusion of such a scene in colored Lights.*]

Lena. I have observed you several times, here and in other retired places, when you seemed to be almost asleep, or dead; and I thought I would come here again and see you. But there is James, [*pointing*] with Naomi and Solomon. Naomi! Naomi! Come and see the beautiful wreaths I have made for Susie. [*Naomi and Solomon approaching,*] Don't you think she's lovely? [*Holding up her doll.*]

Naomi. O Yes. You make everything so beautiful. I don't see how you do it. [*Taking the doll.*] I never saw such a charming doll as you have made this.

Lena. O! we shall learn to fix dolls prettier than this in Heaven.

Naomi. Do you think there are any beautiful dolls in Heaven, Lena? I have often wanted one. But mama thinks it is not right for little girls to have dolls and other play things. She says that children should be weaned from the things of this world, and their thoughts directed, only to Heavenly ones.

[*James Brown approaches near and sits down.*]

Lena. O! But how could I be happy in Heaven, without my little Fanny, and my Susie, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and the water, and the parks, and the islands, and all the beautiful things?

Naomi. But mama says our natures will be changed, in this day of the Resurrection, and that we shan't care for the things we enjoyed in this life.

Lena. I have frequently had dreams of Heaven, and Mr. Anderson says, I have actually seen things in Heaven. And I have seen in those dreams children that seemed happy. They seemed to talk and sing, and play, and gather flowers as we do.

A.— [*Aside.*] Yes, Lena, it is all true, and you will soon enjoy that beautiful home my child.

Naomi. Do you really think that Heaven will be as pleasant for children as this beautiful island?

Lena. O, yes, much more so.

[*Enter Jerusha and Maggy, servant girls.*]

Lena. [*Addressing them:*] I have been looking for you some time. This is the place where Jerusha, and Maggy, and I have been many times. We always have a good time when we come here. Now Jerusha, we want you to sing one of those negro melodies and dance; and Maggy must do something for fun. Naomi and Solomon, don't have a chance to come out here often, and you must give us one of your best performances.

Jerusha. Well, what shall I sing, Lena? [*Taking off his hat, and arranging his toilet.*]

Lena. First sing, "I'm G'wing Home;" and I want you to dance too.

[*Louis Phillippe and his party approach, () and under cover of a bower listen, and observe Lena and her party. And Sken-so-wa-ne, returning from a trip on the river, with a light asken oar in her hand, approaches the party.*]

Jerusha. Well here she goes. [*Sings.*]

"This world is coming to an end,

Few days, few days,
 I'll scratch my shins, my jacket rend,
 I'm g'wine home !

½ Whistles and dances a jig.

I'm going to run clear out of sight,
 Few days, few days;
 And leave these naughty diggins quite,
 I'm going home !

½ Jig as before.

For I've got a home out yonder,
 Few days, few days;
 I've got a home out yonder,
 In old Tennessee."

½ Jig as before.

How is that for high !

½ Applause by Lena, Solomon, Naomi and Maggy.]

Lena. Now sing and dance, Sailing down the Ohio.

Jerusha. *[Sings.]*

"The moon is up, the hour is late,
 And down the stream the black girls wait,
 Our tardy coming to prolong
 The dance, the revel, and the song.
 Row, boatmen row !

We sport all night, by the merry moonlight,
 Home with the girls in the morning.
 Oh ! Oh ! the boatmen row,
 Sailing down the river on the Ohio.

[Whistles and dances. Stella approaches and observes the party; and Louis Philippe and his party—but is unobserved by them.]

Lena. Now Maggy, it is your turn.

Maggy. Faith, what shall I do ?

Lena. You must play, or dance, or sing an Irish song.

Maggy. Then I'll sing. *[Sings.]*

Soon beyond the harbor bar
 Shall my bark be sailing far,
 O'er the world I wander lone,
 Sweet Belle Mahone.
 O'er thy grave, I weep good-bye,
 Hear, oh, hear ! my lonely cry.
 O ! without thee, what am I ?
 Sweet Belle Mahone,
 Sweet Belle Mahone.

Sweet Belle Mahone !
 Wait for me at Heaven's gate,
 Sweet Belle Mahone." [Etc.

Lena. Now, will Sken-so-wa-ne, favor us with a song or a story.

Sken. I tell most of my stories in French or Mohawk, as I am best acquainted with those languages. But I will try and recite a little story in English from one of your poets.

Lena. O, ~~that~~ will be nice.

Sken-so-wa-ne. [Recites.]

"In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests that watched her,
 With the famine and the fever,
 She was dying, the beloved;
 She was dying, Minnehaha.
 'Hark !' she said, 'I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring, and a rushing,
 Hear the falls of Minnehaha,
 Calling to me from a distance.'

'No, my child,' said old Nacomis,
 "'Tis the night wind in the pine trees !'
 'Look !' she said, 'I see my father,
 Standing lonely in his doorway,
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam
 In the land of the Dacotahs !'

'No, my child !' said old Nacomis.
 'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons !'
 'Ah !' she said, 'the eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon me in the darkness,
 I can feel his icy fingers
 Clasp my mine amid the darkness !
 Hiawstha ! Hiawatha !'

And the desolate Hiawatha,
 Far away amid the forest,
 Miles away among the mountains,
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
 Heard the cry of Minnehaha,
 Calling to him in the darkness,
 'Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !'
 Over snow fields, waste and pathless
 Under snow encumbered branches,
 Homeward hurried, Hiawatha,
 Empty handed, heavy hearted,
 Heard Nacomis' wailing, wailing :
 'Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !'

Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Mahonowin ! Wahonowin !

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nacomis slowly,
Rocking to and fro and moaning;
Saw his lovely Minnehaha,
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forests moaned and shuddered,
And the very stars in heaven,
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water;
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious,
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey,
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha,
Saw it beaming in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks.
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
'Farewell ?' said he, 'Minnehaha !
Farewell, O, my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you !

All my thoughts go onward with you
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the famine and the fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body.
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the Island of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponema,
 To the land of the Hereafter."

Lena. Now Jerusha, you must sing the Last Rose of Summer, and I will try and assist you, though I don't feel strong enough after my walk, to sing very well. After that, we better return, as it is nearly dinner time, and we must all go to the Camp Meeting this afternoon.

Jerusha. [*Sings :*]

" 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone,
 No flowers of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes, and give sigh for sigh."

[*Ect. Applause by the little company.*]

Lena. Now let us go. [*Exeunt* () .]

[*Louis Phillippe and his party enter* () *from their place of concealment.*]

Louis. That Yankee girl is a little brick.

George W. P. A perfect gem.

Leonidas H. J. She would be an ornament to a palace.

Napoleon V. Or grace the mansion of an old patroon.

Leonidas H. J. But that Irish girl, Maggy, suits me.

George W. P. She's one of 'em—you bet.

Leonidas. Let us have something on that.

Louis P. Sam, pass up the liquid.

[*Sam, a servant, hands a bottle to Louis P., and taking glasses from a lunch basket, hands them around. The bottle is passed and the glasses filled.*]

Let us drink to the Star of this New Varieties on Evergreen.

All. Here she goes. [*Drink.*]

Leonidas. But who is this star? I say it's the Yankee girl—she must be secured for a hundred nights. Louis Phillippe, you can make that all right.

George W. I prefer the Indian girl. She's the Star that'll bring down the houses. She's a duck. Let's take another for her

Louis P. Pass the bottle, Sam; and the next time you come out, you put in the opera glass. Don't fail! We must have the opera glass. I want to see if that Indian girl 'aint painted. There's a tinge of the rose on her cheek, certain. Here's to the Indian Princess.

[*They all drink.*]

Louis P. Now let us have a little entertainment. We ought to have an audience, though.

Stella. [*Aside.*] You have one.

Louis P. Tune up, boys. [*Sing:*]

"Happy are we, light and free,
We're the chaps to come to tea;
Blithe and gay all the day,
Thus we sing and play.
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!
We think not of the morrow,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll banish care and sorrow.
Happy are we, light and free,
We're the chaps to come to tea;
Blithe and gay, all the day,
Thus we'll sing and play.

[*Rise and dance a sort of figure as they sing the following:*]

Happy are we, light and free,
Blithe and gay, all the day;
Care and sorrow, haste away,
Haste away!
Happy are we, light and free,
Blithe and gay, all the day,
Care and sorrow, haste away!

Haste away, away, away, away!
Away! Away!! [*With a flourish.*]

Louis P. Gather up the tackle, and the rest of the things, Sam, and come on. We are duced hungry. Hurry up the dinner.

[*Exeunt.* () *Enter Stella.*]

Stella. I am firmer in my purpose than ever. I will never marry Louis Phillippi Dumont. [*Exit.* () *Enter Slaughter.*]

Slaughter. The only remedy against these young men, is the Great Extraordinary Writ of Injunction. Apply to Judge Slaughter of Counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a Specialty. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Scene. VI. [Leafy Temple, as before. Present---Fielding and his family, Webb, Jerusha, Maggy, Ssella, Sken-so-wa-ne, Louis Phillippi and his party, and Dr. Philos on the Platform, with diagrams illustrating geology in the rear, and a large audience seated. Dr. Philos descends, and approaches Mr. Fielding, as the audience applaud.]

Fielding. Your discourse on geology, doctor, has been very interesting and instructive, and I trust that your observations may stimulate inquiry and investigation in this field of useful knowledge.

Dr. P. Then I Shall be amply repaid for my discourse.

[Knots of persons in various parts of the arbor in conversation. Louis and his companions observing Sken-so-wa-ne.]

Leonidaz. Now is your time Louis. Walk up like a man, and carry out the resolution. The scion of one the money kings of New York should'nt be afraid of an Indian girl in the Valley of St. Lawrence.

Louis. Oh, I 'aint afraid of her. If you boys wer'nt here, I should'nt stop a minute. But these Indians have so much dignity.

George. I am ashamed of you, Louis.

Louis. Hush ! there is Stella. I must be cautious. You know that I was engaged to her by mother. I have never said any thing to her about it.

Napoleon. Never mind her. That thing is settled. It is played out. What we want is some new excitement.

Louis. Well, here she goes. *[Approaching.]* Sken-so-wa-ne, have you ever visited New York ?

Sken-so-wa-ne. Nay, Monsieur. I have only lived on this great river, and seen only the cities on its borders.

Louis. Would you not like to live in a great city like New York, and in one of the great mansions there ?

Sken. Nay. I think I would like it here much better. My home is here. Here my ancestor lived and died..

Louis. But the great cities afford pleasures not to be found here.

Sken. Then why did you come here ?

Louis. I came here for variety—to find a maiden like you. I propose to secure the island over there, and make a charming home for me and my idol. Would you not pre-side there as my Queen—my wife ?

Sken. I am free and happy now, and cannot consent to limit that freedom and happiness at present.

[*Louis turns away and moves off in the direction of his companions, who have overheard the conversation and are indulging in laughter.*]

Napoleon. She likes freedom, Louis. [*Laughing, and punching him in the side with his thumb.*]

George. The Dumonts have no attraction. Bank stocks don't win. [*All laugh.*]

Leonidas. Never mind, Louis. Try again. Stella may give you the slip yet. [*All laugh again.*] She won't take you after Sken-so wa-ne's refusal.

[*Enter () Slaughter and Judge Livingstone in conversation. Louis P. and his party listen.*]

Slaughter. This is bound to be a success! It can't fail. The Great Extraordinary Remedy, is the Magna Charta, the Magnum bonum. It matters not how it is used. No one can invoke this Great Extraordinary Equitable Remedy, without securing a fortune—I might say a hundred fortunes. It's great virtue lies in the fact that the fortunes are sure, whether it is granted or denied, whether issued or refused.

Judge L. It is quite remarkable what a purpose it serves for money making.

S— It is the same to the lawyer, to the office of your humble servant 1001 Pine, whether it succeeds or fails. Injunctions as a Specialty, is a success. These words were the result of an inspiration in a time of great mental and pecuniary depression. I listened to the angelic voice that whispered them, and I have seen the riches and the glory thereof. They became my watchwords my success.

Judge L. It is wonderful what success they have with this writ in the great metropolis.

S— Yes, it rules everything. It serves railroads. It serves the money kings. It serves the bulls and the bears. In short, it serves those who are wise.

Judge L. I see there are ~~mis~~fortunes in it. But the Bench cannot participate.

S— Ah! there is where you are mistaken. The principal honor, and distinction and glory of the Bench of the great metropolis, has been secured by the Great Extraordinary Equitable Remedy. Many now on the Bench, and some who having made fortunes there have retired, would never have been known outside the city limits, except for Injunctions. They have been the humble instruments

whereby hundreds of fortunes have been made in a single day. And this should be glory enough for any judge.

Judge L. This is a great temptation. But we have no opportunities of the kind, here in this valley.

Slaughter. There is where you are mistaken, again. This is truly virgin soil, and the yield should be prolific. The grain is ripe for the harvesters. All you've got to do is to walk in and gather. You want to start some corporations. Organize! organize! That's the word. Use your resources! Use your resources, judge. Nature has favored you. The smiles of heaven are upon you! You have but to reach forth your hand and take the fruit. Injunctions is a fortune to any man.

Judge L. What about the Corporations?

S— Why, organize! organize!—Organize a company, a joint company, a joint stock. Call it the Thousand Isle Company. Secure all the Islands; put the stock on the market; have the islands described as an earthly paradise; advertise, and bull the market; and you have a fortune, with the aid of injunctions. Again, there are the cedars in the Wilderness. Organize the Camp-ground and the Wilderness. It will make an air line to the great metropolis, open up the wilderness, and give the cedars a market. Then Organize a Cedar Tie Company. There's a hundred fortunes in that. No railroad can be built without ties. Cedar ties must be had or railroads fail. There are plenty of objects for corporations in this valley. Open your eyes Judge, and you must see them. When organized, take stock; hold a majority of the stock; control the companies; secure all the important offices, and legislation if necessary to accomplish your object—money.

Judge L. This is a grand scheme. But here comes the camp-meeting folks.

[*Mrs. Philos, leading the party as they approach, singing:*]

“We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over
By and by, by and by.”

Enter () party singing.]

“With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.”

[*Etc. The Minstrels approach singing:*]

“Ring the bells of heaven! there’s joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary and wandering child.”

[Enter (——) Minstrels as they sing.]

Glory! Glory! Glory! how the angels sing,
Glory! Glory! how the loud harps ring;
’Tis the ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the ransom of the free.” [Etc.

[Webb, Maggy, Jerusha, Lena and others in a little group.

Webb. How did you like Dr. Philos’ lecture, Maggy?

Maggy. Dr. Philes should have been a praste or a pope, and perform meracles, and have a place with the saints.

Webb. Then you believe in priests, and popes, and saints, and miracles?

Maggy. And why shouldn’t I believe in mericles? Havn’t I seen the praist perform them in the old cuntry?

Webb. And what miracles did you see performed?

Maggy. Havn’t I seen the arm of a man withered at Donning Fair, that was about to strike the praist?

Webb. How did that happen?

Maggy. Why, the man was doing something against the orders of the praist, and the praist slashed him for it on the ground, and the man raised his hand to strike the praist. But thanks to the blessed Virgin, his arm fell, and he could never raise it any more. It was known all about there, that it was a meracle that wrought it. Didn’t I hear Father Donegan praich a discoorse about it? And didn’t he say such things was common in Ireland, and wherever the Catholic religion was belaved.

Webb. But did you witness the circumstance?

Maggy. Why should I. Shure, it was known to all the people that the blessed Virgin wrought the miricle. And didn’t the corpse rise at the wake of Michael Finegan? Didn’t Mrs. Finegan complain that her husband had been kilt, and thought the saints were to blame about it?

Webb. But why do you worship the Virgin and pray to her?

Maggy. Shure, why shouldn’t we praise the mither of God, and pray to her? And will not her requests be granted by her son? Don’t you pray to her?

Webb. Well, not often, I think. But I have a mother I could pray to, Dear soul! How she loved me. How she

guided and directed my youthful steps, and prayed for me. She was my star ! My angel ! She should be among your saints, Maggy. She was goodness itself ; and whatever you may think, I believe my mother was as good and lovely as your sainted Mary.

Maggy. Shure, if there was no great difference in the mithers, there's a vast difference in the sons.

[*Laughter by the little Group. Webb Walks towards the river, and Mrs. Philos leads Solomon and Naomi away, and approaches Mrs. F.*]

Mrs. P. [*To Mrs. Fielding.*] Are you aware that you are harboring a dangerous person in your household ?

Mrs. F. I am not. To whom do you refer ?

Mrs. P. Do you know that the simple girl Maggy, is a Catholic ?

Mrs. F. I cannot say that I ever heard or thought anything about it.

Mrs. P. that is what I expected. These Catholics are always suppressing their dangerous religious doctrines, and quietly insinuating themselves into Protestant families, where they can serve as the secret instruments of their church in propagating their blasphemies and superstitions.

Mrs. F. I have no knowledge of these matters. Maggy seems to be a cheerful and happy and faithful servant, full of wit and humor, and I would not suppose she was dangerous.

Mrs. P. O, that's the trouble. I should feel so myself if I had not read those valuable books on the subject, written by faithful servants of the Protestant faith. No woman is prepared to meet the wiles of the enemy, or properly guard her own household, until she has carefully and prayerfully read, Foxs's Book of Martyrs, The Harlotry of Papacy, The life of an Escaped Nun, and the Life of Layola the Jusuit, by a Protestant clergymen. These should be the first books placed in the hands of children ; or perhaps I should say, that they should be read in connection with commentaries on the Scriptures, and expositions of the doctrine of the Trinity. In this way their minds would be properly prepared to meet the great enemy of souls.

Mrs. F. I will present the matter to Mr. Fielding at once, and advise him of all you say.

Webb. [*Returning from the river, holding some white lilies in his hand, () enters.*] I have a flower for you Lena [*Hands one of the lilies to her.*] which I found near the shore.

Lena. Thank you. It is a sweet lily.

Webb. [*Approaching Mrs. Philos and her children.*
Sings.]

“Where the red deer leaps and the panther creeps,
And the eagles scream o’er cliff and stream,
Where lilies bow their heads of snow,
And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o’er.”

[*Holds a lily towards Naomi.*]

Allow me to present one to Naomi.

Mrs. P. [*Jerking Naomi a little, as she holds her hand.*]
Naomi don’t care for flowers. [*Glancing at the children.*]
I am directing their minds to things celestial and that
fadeth not away. The vanities of this world are nothing,
Mr. Webb. Ali ! all ! is vanity !

Webb. “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ;
They toil not, neither do they spin ;
And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory,
Was not arrayed like one of these.”
[*Holding up the lily.*]

Mrs. P. I now feel more than ever before the demoralizing effect of the works of Shakespeare. They divert the mind from the contemplation of more important subjects. Besides, it is evident that Shakespeare intended to cast reflections upon the sacred character and wisdom of the wisest man that ever lived. His allusions to Solomon are low and scurrilous. It is not the first time I have heard infidels sneer at Solomon—the man after God’s own heart, and refer in a sarcastic way to his wives and concubines. I maintain that Solomon was a righteous and perfect man ; and I feel the pride of a Christian mother, in having a son bearing his holy name. There is nothing in this world but vanity. The flowers soon fade. But there is a world beyond that is eternal. The inspired penman has referred to it, as “The undiscovered Country, from whose bourne, no traveler returns.”

“This world’s a fleeting show,
For man’s illusion given,”

says the Sacred Psalmist. Let me exhort you my friend to prepare for death. It will come to you and to me. Be ready to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. To the faithful,

“O ! Death where is thy sting,
O ! Grave where is thy victory.”

Webb. “O ! amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !

Arise from the couch of blasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to posterity,
 And I will kiss thy detestible bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And wring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop their gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carion monster like thyself."

Mrs. P. Departs with Solomon and Naomi.[

Come grin on me; and I will think thou smilest;
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O, come to me."

[Group.—Dr. Philos, Lovewell, Stella and others.]

Fielding. *[To Dr. P.]* Mrs. Fielding informs me that Mrs. Philos has discovered that Maggy is a Catholic; and considers that she is a dangerous person to associate with Protestants—that they should be rooted out of all Protestant families and their institutions suppressed.

Dr. Philos. This feeling is the result of ignorance, and the prejudice of a misdirected education. It is the spirit that has fed the fires of persecution in all past ages. Mrs. Philos, inherited a strong religious and devout tendency of mind from her Puritan ancestors. The banished Churchmen hung Quakers, and the spirit of religious fanaticism, finally culminated in the witchcraft drama.

Lovewell. But these extremes are among the things of the past. Christian progress in these respects illustrates your theories of evolution, applied to intellectual, social and religious life. We look upon the surface of things, and our finite minds fail to grasp the infinite. In all this, there probably was design—purpose. After persecution, a reaction has generally succeeded; the mind has received a higher light, and progress has been more rapid thereafter. It may be God's method, to advance and elevate the world.

Fielding. I know there is much prejudice and hostility felt by Protestants against Catholics. But I have great respect and toleration for the religious views of all.

Slaughter. *[Slaughter enters () in conversation with Judge Livingstone, and approaches F.]* I have just been talking injunctions, corporations, organizations, to Judge Livingstone. I have had another inspiration. There is a thousand fortunes in it—wealth! honor! distinction! glory! And it is for you all to enjoy.

[Louis Phillippe and his companions and many others draw near.]

Fielding. What do you mean?

Slaughter. Injunctions, of course. It is the great idea of the age—the Great Extraordinary Equitable Process for securing fortunes; without labor! without trouble! without risk! Who does not enjoy riches? It enables all to enjoy life, to pursue pleasure, to accomplish results. To the philanthropist, it affords the means of accomplishing his benevolent desires. He can establish homes, asylums, hospitals, reading rooms, and associations. To the devout Christian, it should be the great aim of his life. It enables him to aid home and foreign missions, and tract societies—to build churches, and sectarian colleges and seminaries—to build convents, and cathedrals, and to support superannuated ministers. To the scientist, it affords the means to pursue his investigations—purchase instruments and pay his expenses. With a fortune—a single fortune, he can visit all parts of the world that the pursuit of his investigations, or the interests of science may require. He may visit the Rocky Mountains, the Andes, the Alps. With a hundred fortunes, as easy made as one, he may found schools, colleges, museums, and observatories. And what a tempting field of wealth there is for you my friends—for all of you. And how recreant to every sense of duty you will be, if you do not occupy it. I say God demands it! Nature demands it! Religion demands it! Science demands it! Philanthropy demands it! Pleasure demands it!

Dr. Philos. [*Getting interested.*] Where is the field we may occupy and produce such results?

Slaughter. Organize! organize! I say organize moneyed institutions. Corporations! Injunctions will do the rest!

F—What shall be the object and purpose of the corporations?

S—Various objects and purposes! It makes but little difference what. The golden harvest is ripe! Enter in and reap!

F—[*Growing excited with the rest.*] But where is the material—the golden grain?

S—My friend, you knew Judge Slaughter in the days of adversity. You know him now in the palmy days of his prosperity. The change was sudden. The thought that brought the change was the result of inspiration. The climax, a hundred fortunes! I say organize! Form corporations! The more the better. You have the elements here for the greatest success, and you can control the whole. The thought is intoxicating! Intoxicating!

Dr. Philos. [*And all excited.*] Tell us how and by what

means we shall attain this result. I am sure that there would be no impropriety in getting a fortune or a hundred fortunes.

Lorewell. Not at all where the purpose for which it is secured is such as Judge Slaughter has suggested. Give us a hundred fortunes! [*Excited.*]

Louis P. I would like one too, for a short time. Though I have one, it is prospective—in the future. It don't serve for pleasure or charity now. It scarcely pays expenses, and I live in a tent.

Leonidas. I don't think we would any of us object. We could find use for at least one every season. I go for the fortune.

All. Give us a fortune. [*Excited.*]

F— I have retired from business, and proposed to abandon forever the pursuit of gain. But your exhortation has again revived my desire for more wealth—for charitable purposes.

Livingston. I again feel an ambition to get riches. I find I have wasted my time on the Bench. I have remained in ignorance of the virtues of the Great Extraordinary Writ, that has lifted Judge Slaughter, from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to distinction, and placed him among the money kings of the great metropolis.

Slaughter. You have greater opportunities, my dear Judge, than I had. Let me point out the way to a fortune—nay a hundred of them to each of you.

Organize. 1. Thousand Island Company.

2. Camp Ground and Wilderness.

3. Cedar Tie.

4. Improvement.

5. Evergreen. You can't fail especially with the aid you can secure from Judge Slaughter of Counsel, 1001 Pine. Injunctions will carry you through to success. The very name, Thousand Island Company, will be a success. Camp Ground and Wilderness, must receive aid from the connections making it an air line to the great metropolis. Evergreen, must be a success as a name. It is suggestive—always verdent. Then it will have a substantial basis. What more fruitful source of gain, or more worthy object, than the supply of the great metropolis with evergreen-trees, for the ornamentation of its parks and grounds—or boughs for festivals and holiday decorations. Such an organization will receive the patronage and blessings of every religious institution. Cedar ties are a necessity! Cedar Tie Company, would rule the market. Its resources would be immense. Its business

unlimited. Your fortunes are sure. But mind you, use injunctions ! use them freely ! They are after all the great source of wealth—the *magnum bonum*. Think of it ! Dream on it ! Call a meeting my friends ! Organize ! Act ! Remember this advice comes from one of observation and experience. Remember office 1001 Pine. Injunctions a Speciality. [*Exit Slaughter.* () .]

Dr. P. This looks plausible. It is certainly very kind in Judge Slaughter, to point out the way to our fortunes. We must improve our opportunities.

Judge L. We must organize. Let us move at once in the matter. Others may occupy the golden field, if we do not. There's certainly hundreds of fortunes in it. [*Excited.*]

Lovewell. Those are my sentiments. We can suspend our ordinary vocation for a time, for such a purpose. Let us secure a fortune at any rate. [*Excited.*]

Louis P. I want a chance in. I'll take shares in all the five.

George W. So will I.

Napoleon V. D. I want a fortune. I am bound to have it.

Leonidas H. J. And I—a hundred of them.

Naval Officer. [*To Louis Marcile.*] I think we better improve the opportunity.

Louis M. I think so too. The fortunes will come late. But they are seldom made.

Fielding. I know that Judge Slaughter has made a large one in a short time. He has come up in wealth like a mushroom. Let us have a meeting—organise the five Companies—take the stock—elect officers, and make our fortunes.

Leonidas H. J. Three cheers for that. [*All.*] Hip! hip! hurra! Hip! hip! hurra! Hip! hip! hurra!

Napoleon V. D. And for Judge Slaughter of Counsel, [*All.*] Hip! hip! hurra!

[*All shake hands---congratulate, and the young men dance around for joy. Excunt, () except Webb.*]

Webb. "This yellow Slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the bench: this it is,
That makes the wappened widow wed again!
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again."

[*Enter Fielding, Lena, and others* [], *Lena observes James Brown on a seat near the border of the arbor, weeping. She approaches him. The others in conversation.*]

Lena. What makes you feel so bad, James?

James. I have received a letter informing me of the sudden death of my little Ida, with diphtheria.

Lena. Is that the little girl you told me about, when I first met you at Duluth?

James. Yes; she was my only child.

Lena. You said she was in Chicago.

James. Yes; she died in Chicago.

Lena. That was one of the beautiful cities we visited, on our route here on the Neptune.

James. Yes. It was once beautiful to me; but it will be beautiful to me no more forever.

Lena. I will go and tell papa about it. [*Leaves and soon returns with her father.*]

Fielding. Lena has informed me of the death of your daughter. Then you had a wife and child in Chicago?

James. Yes; to whom I was much devoted.

F— How long did you live in Chicago? and where did you formerly reside, and what is your name?

James. I resided in Chicago several years. I formerly resided in the central part of New York, and my name is James Brown.

F— James Brown! What was your occupation?

James. I learned the plumbers trade, and followed the business several years in Chicago. I made the acquaintance of my wife there, and there we were married. I left there last spring a short time before I first met you at Duluth. [*Several persons gather around and listen.*]

F— Did you have a father in the army, in the late war?

J— Yes, and suppose he died in the service. At least he was reported as among the killed in one of the battles.

F— What was his name?

J— George Brown.

F— George Brown; Why did you leave Chicago?

J— I went away to find employment, leaving my wife and child nearly destitute of money, and the necessaries for a subsistence.

F— Did you not inform your wife of the engagement to me?

James. Yes. On my trip here I mailed a letter at Detroit, informing her of my employment and destination, and that I would remit some money to her as soon as I received a month's wages. This I did. And in reply she acknowledges the receipt of the money, and informs me that Ida died of diphtheria, several days ago. [*Weeping.*]

F— This is sad indeed. Would you recognize a photograph of your father if you should see one?

James. I could not mistake it.

F— [*Drawing a memorandum book from his breast pocket.*] I have here a memorandum book, which I carried with me during the late war. I then made the following record: [*Reads.*] "George Brown, mortally wounded in battle. Gives me address of his son, James Brown, Syracuse N. Y. and requests me to inform him of his death. Delivers me \$251, and his own photograph for him. Brown died soon after—saw him buried!"

James. Have you the photograph?

F— Yes. It is still here in this book. Here it is. [*Handing it to James.*]

James. [*Looking at it.*] This is my father. [*Weeping.*]

F— [*After a few moments.*] On the trip here on the Neptune, I went by the way of the rivers and lakes to Chicago and Duluth, partly for the purpose of finding you. At Chicago I found that you had departed only a few days before. Although I secured your services at Duluth, it did not occur to me that you were the party for whom I was looking, and I have not learned your surname till now. I have here an accepted draft on a banking house in New York, for more than the amount received from your father. Take it, and send it to your wife, with an invitation to come to you at Evergreen, where I can assure you, you shall have a permanent home. [*Handing draft to James.*] Lena, let us return to the mansion with James, and you can there lie down and rest. [*Exeunt. () End of scene.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 7.—Room in the mansion on Evergreen. Lena on a couch gazing out of the window. Enter Felding and Dr Phelos.] ()

Lena. Come and see these beautiful things papa. Don't

you think we shall have such things in heaven ?

F— I hope so.

Leut. Hear the music ! The Neptune must be coming from the camp ground. There must be music and schools in heaven, or how could little girls learn songs and beautiful operas, or about astronomy and geology, and chemistry, and find out as much about them as Dr. Philos ?

F— True, my daughter. Little girls should study these things, for thereby they will learn much relating to the universe around them.

Lena. Little girls too, must have little things to play with ; for until they grow, they can't sing and study all the time. If little girls didn't continue to be little girls in heaven, how could folks know them ? I want to be a little girl in heaven, and sing and play with the other little girls and boys.

F—The camp meeting closes to-day, and I am expecting some strangers on the Neptune ; and Mrs. Philos, will leave immediately, with Naomi and Solomon, for their home near Boston.

Lena. But, they will come and see me before they go ?

F— O, yes. Here they come. [*Enter Mrs. P. with Naomi and Solomon.* () .]

Mrs. P. I have come to say good by. My Christian labors here are ended, and I have important duties elsewhere. Besides much local labor that I must perform on my return, I have as Secretary of the mission in India, and special agent there, a great responsibility. And I expect to go there, in the spring, and labor for my Master.

F— As the doctor will remain here for some time, why not let Naomi and Solomon stay with him ? They would be such a comfort to Lena.

Mrs. P. I feel the necessity, as a Christian mother, of personally conducting Naomi and Solomon, through the thorny paths of their young lives ; and they must be under my watchful eyes, until I depart for heathen lands. The Neptune is waiting to take us over to the railroad, so good by, Lena. I hope you will get well. Good-by Mr. Fielding.

Naomi. Adieu Lena. [*Taking her by the hand.*]

Solomon. Farewell, Lena. [*Taking the other hand.*]

Leut. I shall remember our pleasant walks together on Evergreen, with Jerusha and Maggy, and Sken-so-wa-ne, and Mr. Anderson, and James, and the pleasure we took listening to the minstrels, near their quarters. [*Raising*

on her couch and kissing them.] Farewell! If we do not meet again here we will meet again on the other side.

Mrs. P. Come on children, we must be off. I have important duties to perform, away. [*Leads Naomi and Solomon away weeping.*]

F— [*Fielding approaches Dr. Philos, who is seated away from Lena. Aside.*] I spent nearly all of last night with Lena. She is evidently growing worse, and I fear we must soon be without her society.

Dr. P. I have noticed her growing weakness and physical infirmity. I had hopes that this northern air, and her free exercise here would effect a gradual recovery.

F— I had a hope of that kind myself. But I have almost abandoned it. The severe trial through which she passed with the scarlet fever, so racked the physical frame, that it seems impossible, fully to restore it. The seeds of dissolution were then sown, and the greatest medical skill, seems unavailing to root them out.

Dr. P. Well, hope on my friend. It is some satisfaction to know that Lena does not fear death.

F— O, that's one thing that tends I think to aggravate her physical difficulties. If she was determined to live, and beat down the enemy that is undermining her health, perhaps there would be a chance of her recovering. But as it is, she is quite unconcerned, and as happy in the thought of death, as she is in the society of her friends, or with her little pets.

Dr. P.—Her confidence in the hereafter and a blessed condition of the spirit there, is wonderful. I wish I could feel so. It would afford me great satisfaction. It is quite remarkable what powers of reasoning she possesses on this subject.

F— She seemed to have intuitive belief in a future blessed condition of the spirit: and this innate feeling has been strengthened if not confirmed by her dreams, by the peculiar experiences and phenomena, of Anderson; and by the experiences and beliefs of the minstrels, and of the Indians, as related by those she has frequently met here.

Dr. P. True. And these may well claim our careful and serious consideration. I must admit that my attention has not been directed to the importance of these matters, as bearing upon the question of a future life, until I came here. I have been for many years engaged in investigations in the more material departments of nature, but it now appears to me that there are faculties of mind and

subtle forces of nature but little understood; and it becomes us in the light of the revelations here made, to consider their import.

F— I am pleased to know that you have been impressed with them. If they point to a hereafter, then they must be cheering to a materialist like yourself, and not less so to one who could form no opinion in reference to a future life, like myself.

Dr. P. We shall have opportunities to consider this subject hereafter. I must go now and attend to some correspondence.

[*Exit Dr. P.* () and *enter Webb* (), *unobserved.*

F— [*Soliloquising.*] All must die! It is only a matter of time. In the natural order of things the parent should be the first to go. If he dies first then the child mourns. If the child first, then the parent mourns. This is the way of the world. But why mourn? Death is as natural as life; and if there is an after-life, can it be worse than this? It is nature's order to rise—to advance. The facts relating to evolution in nature, show progress, development. If there is a hereafter, shall the human soul retrograde? It cannot be so. There must be progress, if there is anything. But is there anything? All religious sects affirm it. Are they right on this great central idea? Lena, with her wonderful powers of analysis and reasoning, and intuition, has affirmed that they are. O, sweet child of nature! I must, I will accept thy conclusions. On this subject thou mayest be more correct than those older, and in other matters, wiser. The simplicity and naturalness of thy life, may give thee an insight into spiritual truths, which are denied to those whose lives have been devoted to worldly affairs and to the cold investigations of mere material nature. I will do all in my power to make thy stay here pleasant, and hereafter thou wilt find the gratification of thy aspirations—a life that now exists only, in the highest ideal of thy pure and innocent mind.

Webb. [*To Mr. F*—] “To die; to sleep;

To sleep perchance to dream; ay, theres the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long a life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

When he might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
 And makes us bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others we know not of!"

F— And Shakespeare makes Hamlet to say:

"Lay her i' the earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
 May violets spring. I tell the churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling."

[*Exit F.*]

Webb. [*Singing.*]

"The cradle, the coffin, the robe or the shroud,
 Of which shall a mortal most truly be proud?
 The cradle or coffin, the blanket or pall,
 O, which brings a blessing of peace unto ail?
 The cradle or coffin, both places of rest—
 Tell us, O mortals, which like ye the best?"

[*Exit W. End of Scene*]

ACT III.

SCENE 8.—*Another room in the mansion on Evergreen. Lena on a couch near a window, commanding a view of the St. Lawrence and the islands—gazing at them and the setting sun. Mr. Fielding sitting near.*

Lena. Do notice, papa, the beautiful sun-set. [*After a brief silence.*] There, he has sunk down out of sight, but his rays are reflected on the clouds. I shall soon set, too, but like the sun, I expect to rise again. There are some clouds bordered with golden fringes, and a sea of liquid gold seems to lie in a valley; and there, [*pointing*] are some mountains, that shine like silver, or the glaciers, that Dr. Philos told us about seeing among the Alps. And notice now the appearance of cities on the shores of the golden sea, and towers and spires that rise on the sloping hill-sides; and all so beautifully tinted with purple, and pink, and orange. It seems as though I had seen such before in my dreams.

Webb. [*Unobserved near the entrance. Aside.*]

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapor, sometimes, like a bear or lion,—
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't; that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air."

F— Yes, I see all. It is the most glorious sun-set scene I ever gazed upon.

Lena. I want to leave something like this behind me, after I go—something that will remind you of me.

F— But you will not leave me soon, my dear?

Lena. Yes, papa, I feel that the time has come, when I will lay off this poor, frail body of mine. But I do not care, papa. I know I shall be happy, over there, and I hope you will not feel bad when I go, or think I am far from you. I have reason to think, that before the light of the sun shall entirely fade from the western sky, like it, I shall disappear. [*uttered in a feeble voice*]. Send for Anderson, and James, and Jerusha, and maggy, and Aunt Hanna; for I would take leave of them, as though I were going back to our New York home. I want to say a word to James about his little Ida, and I want not only to talk a little with Aunt Hanna, but to hear the Minstrels sing once more.

F— Well, my dear, I will send for them. [*Goes out—Lena falls asleep. Illusion of Angels around her. Aunt Hanna enters and Lena awakes.*]

Lena. [*Extending her hand to Aunt Hannah*]. You have shown me the way. There is a home for little girls over there. I see the other home clearly, and I am going there. [*Aunt Hanna kisses Lena's hand which she holds. Enter () balance of minstrels, Jerusha, Maggy, Webb, Anderson, and others.*]

Aunt H. Blessed cherubim.

Anderson [*Aside, sitting*]. Yes, Lena is going. They have come for her. There is Lotta, that Lena has so often talked about. She has seen her in her dreams. And there is Aunt Hannah's little girl, that was sold to the cruel master down in Alabama.

[*Illusion of Spirits—Enter Mrs. Fielding, James Brown and wife, and others ()*]. James approaches and converses with Lena a moment privately, and retires, weeping.]

Lena. Mama, let me kiss you. And Jerusha, and Maggy, I want to kiss you. [*They approach and kiss.*] I can't sing with you now, Jerusha, but I will sometime. Aunt Han-

nah, will you sing one of the Jubilee songs for me once more? [*In a feeble voice.*]

Aunt H. Yes, my cherubin. [*Mr. F. sinks beside Lena, kisses her, and rests his head on her pillow. Minstrels sing.*]

“There’s a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Anderson. [*Aside.*] The music favors her easy exit. It brings her into harmonious relations with spiritual things. They appear natural to her—as she has seen them before in her dreams.

[*Minstrels continue to sing.*]

“We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious song of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by and by, [Etc.
To our beautiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by and by.” [Etc.

Fielding. [*Rises up, glances at Lena, places his hand upon her face and exclaims,*]

She has gone! Nothing remains but the cold form!

[*Exit F. () covering his face with his handkerchief. All gather around Lena, weeping. Illusions of spirits around her,*]

Webb. “We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

Minstrels. [*After a few moments silence minstrels sing.*]

“Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers.” [Etc.]

Fielding. [*Enters () with Dr. Philos and gazes at Lena for a moment.*] Only those who have been stricken in this way can duly appreciate my sorrows. Death comes to all in the course of time. But oh! how desolate it leaves the hearts of many, when it takes away the buds of in-

fancy or the blossoms of youth. If it comes to the old—to those worn out in the toils of life, it seems natural; but when he gathers the young flowers of creation, human nature revolts and enters its protest. [*Sits down weeping.*]

Dr. Philos. But your philosophy in reference to death should console you.

Fielding. The sensuous nature cannot be satisfied with mere philosophy, under such circumstances. Among all classes the emotions of our natures will assert themselves at such times. [*Glancing at Brown and his wife, weeping.*] But how many have been stricken in this way. Little photographs and mementoes of departed innocence, hang upon the walls of homes made desolate by their premature departure. Truly the young, have to run the gauntlet of many enemies, and comparatively few there are, that come through the race unscathed and untainted. The voyage of youth is beset by an army of diseases, and the young innocents sink down in death but rise up again to everlasting life. Thus it has been with Lena.

[*Tableau of spirit illusions with Lena in the midst. End of scene.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 9.—*Leafy Temple as before. Enter Fielding and Dr. Philos.* ().

Fielding. Have you not witnessed something Doctor, during your stay here, to convince you of a life hereafter?

Dr. P. I have received some evidence that bears upon the question and supports the theory, and I can assure you the thought is not an unpleasant one.

F — My attention has been more particularly drawn to the subject since the death of Lena. I am confident that she still lives and that she has those means of enjoyment that are adapted to her nature and requirements.

Dr. P. I do not doubt it. But here comes Mr. Lovewell and Stella. Let us take a walk. *Exit F. and Dr. P.* (). *Enter Stella and Mr. Lovewell* ().

Stella I have presented the circumstances of my engagement by my aunt to Louis Phillippe, to my uncle and he agrees with me that it is of no binding obligation.

Mr. L. Then may I not hope to some day call you mine? [*Kissing her and taking her hand.*]

Stella. [Gazing after Lovewell.] *How long have I been here!* You have said that you were my idol—but I was but only earthly idol. I cannot deny it now; so, my heart is yours. On conferring with him on the subject of our union, he expresses his approval.

Lovewell. Then [to Stella.] *Nothing more to say.*

Stella. But he has said that you must go with him. He says that you can study and improve in New York, where you can study and improve in your profession and deployment; and the summers here, when you can attend the camp meetings, and enjoy the river.

Lovewell. Evergreen is charming; and with you it will be a paradise, indeed!

Stella. Who could not enjoy it?

Lovewell. I have, when wandering along the shores of this noble river, been frequently reminded of some beautiful lines referring to it.

Stella. I should be pleased to hear you recite them.

Lovewell. [Recites.] "Ah, beautiful river,
Flow onward forever!

Thou art grander than Avon, and sweeter than Aye;
If a tree has been shaken,
If a star has been taken,

In thy bosom we look—bud and Pleiad are there."

[*Exeunt* (). *Enter F. and Dr. Philos* ().]

Dr. P. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Philos, informing me that she will sail for India, early in the spring, to labor among the people of that country, for their conversion to Christianity; that she is now collecting images of the heathen gods in stone and earthen, and securing translations of the Scriptures and other books into their language; that she will be compelled to leave Naomi and Solomon with me; and I think it would be agreeable to meet you here next spring, as you have requested, and bring Naomi and Solomon with me.

F. — I hope to meet all my old guests here then, and that we shall be not only amused, but instructed. Mr. Lovewell and Stella, will probably be married in the meantime, and they will be here.

Dr. P. I shall anticipate much pleasure in meeting all.

[*Exeunt* (). *Enter Livingstone and Slaughter* ().]

Slaughter. As I have said, Camp Ground & Wilderness will connect with Ramshorn, and this gives us an air line to the great Commercial Emporium. The right of way

will be given; the farmers and others will do the grading, and plenty of ties can be secured, all along the route, for the cutting. It will open up the cedar forests, and bring the Thousand Isles to the very gates of commerce and wealth. I see the advantage. There's a hundred fortunes in it for us. Islands will then sell by the foot like corner lots, and the cedars are indispensable to railroad progress. Now, having organized the five companies, proceed to execute the purpose, and you have a million sure.

Livingstone. But Camp Ground & Wilderness must be ironed. Two millions will be required for this. How shall it be done?

Slaughter. The easiest thing in the world, and a million in each of our pockets. Besides on the success of this, depends the success of Ramshorn. Ramshorn must aid. Preferred stocks of that company would be good. Let Ramshorn authorize a loan to Camp Ground & Wilderness to aid in its construction—say 5,000,000, for an equal amount of Camp Ground & Wilderness common. Let the latter authorize their secretary to transact the business. Let him deliver the \$5,000,000 Camp Ground common for equal amount of Ramshorn preferred. Sell the Ramshorn preferred, and invest in Camp Ground & Wilderness, say at 20, temporarily of course, while negotiating for iron. The 5,000,000, Ramshorn preferred, thrown on the market breaks the bulls' horns and the bears claw in the margins. The favorable connections of the Camp Ground, making an air line to New York, the immense advantages of such a connection, the cedar forests, the Thousand Isles, the prospect of the immediate completion of the road, and especially a favorable report from the secretary, bulls the market, and up goes Camp Ground to 85, while Ramshorn preferred declines to 35. Then the secretary can sell Camp Ground, and re-purchase 5,000,000 Ramshorn, and he has the original preferred stock, and a net profit of over 2,000,000 to be divided.

Livingston. This is tempting. Is it practicable?

Slaughter. O, this is common practice in the great metropolis. It makes secretaries and directors, in the ring, cheerful and happy. It is necessary to make confidants of a few in such operations. Now Judge, you act upon my suggestions, and as I said, a clean million apiece, is a low estimate.

Livingston. I see! I have wasted the prime of my life here. I must now act in another sphere. I will probably meet you in New York in a short time.

[*Rising to depart.*]

Slaughter. Don't fail, Judge. Injunction is the Great Extraordinary Remedy, at this time. It is the right-arm! the *paladium*! the *Magna Charta*! the *magnum bonum*! the life of the money Kings, the Bulls and the Bears, and of the Bench and the Bar. Don't forget the office; Judge Slaughter of Counsel, 1001 Pine, Injunctions a specialty. [*Exeunt.* ()]

ACT III.

SCENE. 10.—[*Sequestered place on Evergreen. Grave of Lena. Conclusion of services. Present Fielding and family, guests and others—Singing—tune Auld Lang Syne.*]

“Her merry voice is strangely hushed,
And closed the laughing eyes,
Her gentle loving tender heart.
In solemn slumber lies.

Oh who would think that death would take.
The pearl beyond all price,
Whose gift it was to make of earth
A glorious Paradise.

The summer's sun and summer's rain.
Sweet flowers to life shall kiss;
And thoughts shall bloom that she is free,
From sorrow such as this ”

Anderson. [*Aside.* Yes, she is free from sorrow. She is there with her little acquaintances. There is Aunt Hanna's daughter and Ida, and Josephene, and near by is Ana-mo-sa.

[*Spirit illusions of these parties, while Stella and Ferusha, and Maggy, place wreaths of flowers and vines, and evergreen sprigs on the grave. Exit company () except Stella, and Maggy, and Ferusha, who sit down in a bower near by, in silence. Enter () Louis Philippe and his party of sporting men who land near by, and proceed on their way to their tents.*]

Napoleon. See! they have buried little Lena here. I didn't think the old gent would do such a thing. The old Dutch aristocracy, wouldn't do such a thing as that. We have too much admiration for the dead.

Louis. P. You are right my friend. She should have

been deposited in Greenwood. There is where the aristocracy are honored. [*To George Washington.*] Have you seen the monument the old man put up after mother's death?

Jerusha and *Isid.* [*Laugh.*] Or those saoks to pieces! Ill go and give them a piece of my mind.

Maggie. [*Aside.*] Hark let us take lessons. [*Holding Jerusha.*]

George W. I regret to say I have not been in Greenwood for a long time. I don't like the great old tombstones very well. I prefer speckled trout and sherry. [*All laugh.*]

Louis P. That's a ha! Well, pass the glasses, Sam. [*Glasses and bottle passed and glasses filled.*]

George W. Here's to speckled trout!

Napoleon. To trout and sherry! [*All drink.*]

Louis P. The old gent is liberal, like his son, when ones dead. He has put up a splendid monument, and here is what's on it now: [*Takes a memorandum book from his pocket and reads.*] "Susan Dumont, born Dec. 3, 1831. Died March 16, 1875." In another place is engraved: [*Reads.*] "Thadeus Dumont, born June 16, 1823. Died 187." How easy it will be to chisel out a figure at the end of 187. The old gent is expecting to leave soon. But he is just as anxious to make money for his only son as ever. Well, my friends, I shall have to go into mourning then for a year, and keep away from the theatre, and such places, you know; but as soon as the time is up, won't we have a glorious time? We'll have a regular establishment over there on that island then, that will throw Evergreen into the shade. Won't we?

George W. That's so! You are a brick Louis! [*All laugh.*]

Louis P. The old man is a little stingy with me now, and I can't do much for my friends. We have to live here in a tent; but when that blank figure is chiselled out on that monument, I'll haul in some of them stocks and bonds, you bet. I'll go for the Indian girl then. She can't resist me then, can she boys?

Leontidas H. No, she likes the shiners as well as any of us, or she wouldn't wear them diamonds and precious stones.

George W. Or those bracelets, and bangles.

Louis P. She's my chick. Let us drink to the Indian girl. [*Fill glasses.*]

Napoleon V. That's right: you are dry, Louis. Here she goes.

All. Hip! hip! hurra! [*Drink.*]

Louis P. But I must keep my rooming with Stella: she's lovely in her way and saved me from intellectual old fogies after her. But the more I think of it they must have a few such. They are a kind of life to preserve it from spoiling.

Leonidas H. J. [*Approaching the grave.*] Begad! here's flowers.

Louis P. They are wasted here. They should have been used at Greenwood. There thousands would have seen and enjoyed them every day. It is so comforting to have flowers there. It is a real satisfaction. But no one will enjoy them here, but us.

Stella. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken.

Leonidas. Well who are we, here?

Louis P. We are nobody.

Stella. [*Aside.*] That's true.

Louis P. [*Continuing.*] We can't occupy our true sphere here, or perform duty to the dead. Where should we get the crape, and the black kids? [*All laugh and say, That's so.*] When the old man dies, I shall have to shell out these things. I shall have to suffer for a year. But I will make up for lost time, won't I? Well, let's fill up again. Sam, fill up! [*Sam fills glasses.*] Here's to the old man—Dumont, the father.

George W. And the figure yet to be cut.

Napoleon V. D. I drink to that.

[*All drink.*]

Louis P. Gather up the fragments, Sam, and let us move on to the tented field.

[*Exit () singing. Stella, Jerusha and Maggy, come forth from the bower.*]

Jerusha. If it hadn't been for Maggy, I'd a walked out here and shaken some of that sherry out of those fellows.

Maggy. I wanted some items. We may go on the stage yet; and if we do, we can show up these young men.

Stella. Let it pass. Let us scatter seeds of kindness. We must sing something now, to calm the agitation of our minds.

Jerusha. Well, here comes Mr. Lovewell, and Mr. Webb, to assist us.

Stella. We are fortunate. Now join us in singing.

Lovevell. Well, you lead.

[*Sing:*]

“Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort,
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music,
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown !
Strange we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone !
Strange that summer skies and sunshine,
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.—[Chorus.

* * *

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses
For our reaping by and by.”—[Cho.

[*Illusions of Angels during the singing—Lena, with a doll, Lotta and others. At the conclusion Mr. L. and Stella move off together; () and Webb, Jerusha, and Maggy also, () in conversation. End of Act 3.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. *Evergreen the following summer. Drawing room. Present, Fielding, Lovevell, Stella, with an infant, Dr. Philos, Naomi, Solomon, Anderson, Webb, Jerusha, Maggy, Mr. Whitney, and others.*

Dr. P. [To *Stella*] Then your aunt died suddenly ?

Stella. Yes. After her return to New York, last fall, she became much interested in the religious labors imposed upon her, as the New York agent of the Women's Christian Union. She had before been troubled with the heart disease; and the excitement of the meetings, which she attended, and the labor she bestowed in the discharge of the duties of that office, caused a return of this affliction. Returning home from meeting one night, she had a violent attack, and before medical aid could be summoned, she was dead.

F— When did you arrive here, doctor?

Dr. P. Day before yesterday.

F— Has Mrs. Philos departed on her mission to India?

Dr. P. Yes. She sailed over two months ago, and has, probably, arrived at her destination before this time, and is distributing the translated bibles and tracts, and the hideous images of the gods in earthen and stone.

F— Have you heard anything from her since she sailed?

Dr. P. Nothing. Though I have been expecting a letter from her for some time.

[*Illusion of spirits of Mrs. P., Mrs. F., Lena and Ida*]
Have you brought a New York paper? Perhaps there may be something about the vessel, in the marine intelligence.

F— Yes. Here is a New York paper of yesterday. Look it over while I take a glance around Evergreen.

[*Hands it to the Dr. Exit F. ()*].

Dr. P. Your child looks like Lena.

Stella. Yes, that is a common remark, and Uncle has named her Lena.

Dr. P. [*Gazing at the babe*]. It is the very picture of her.

Naomi. I think so too.

Solomon. She has just such eyes as Lena.

Stella. Mr. Lovewell, suppose we take a short walk with Naomi and Solomon, and give the doctor an opportunity to read the paper.

L— That, I presume, will be agreeable.

Naomi. Yes. Let me take little Lena, and we can have a good time. [*Takes the babe.*]

Solomon. That's so.

[*Exeunt all, except Dr. Philos, who looks over the paper for a moment and then reads.*]

Dr. P. "Boston—Arrived from Hong-Kong. Ship China.

with a cargo of tea. Reports rough weather off Cape Good Hope, and the loss of the *Missionary*, a few days before its arrival at Cape Town. Fully insured." [*Drops the paper.*] Mrs. Philos sailed on the *Missionary*, but probably some are saved.

[*F. re-enters () observes the paper and Dr. P.*]

F— What's the matter now doctor?

[*Dr. P. points to the item of marine news, handing the paper to F.*]

Dr. P. Mrs. Philos sailed on that vessel. But I have hopes that some of the passengers were saved, and Mrs. Philos among the number. [*F. examines the paper.*]

F— Here is another item about the matter. [*Reads.*] "Loss of the *Missionary*. Further inquiry reveals the fact that all on board the *Missionary* were lost, except two sailors, who floated to the shore on a mast.

Dr. P. Then all hope is gone. [*Weeping.*] I wish you would inform Solomon and Naomi of the sad news. [*Rises to depart.*]

F— Stay a moment. Your afflictions are light compared with mine. You have Solomon and Naomi to comfort you. I have been bereft of wife and children. Solomon and Naomi will be some comfort to me and I want you and them to make a permanent home with me. We can spend the summers here, where you can pursue your favorite studies, and the winters in New York, where your children can have an opportunity for education. You have been with me in my darkest hours and I want you to grant this request.

Dr. P. But Stella's little Lena will be a great comfort to you. She resembles your risen Lena, very much. I will however consider your request. [*Exit Dr. P. ()*].

F— [*To Mr. Whitney, the Naval officer.*] We shall miss Louis Marsile, very much. What were the circumstances connected with his death?

Whitney. Soon after your departure last fall, the health and spirits of Marsile, began to decline. He frequently conversed with me in reference to Lena, for whom he seemed to cherish the tenderest recollections. He had it seems on several occasions conversed with her, in reference to his deceased daughter, Josephine, and had received much comfort and consolation from her assurances of his daughter's continued existence, in a happier condition than this world could afford. As the frosts of later autumn began to appear, he spent much of his time at the great cave. In my

walks I frequently saw him sitting on the flat rock, near the entrance, apparently, in silent contemplation. At the commencement of twilight one night, I quietly passed by on my way from the lower end of the Island, and observed him at the mouth, as usual. He seemed to be in an abstract mood, and to be gazing up at the opening with a fixed stare, and his lips were moving. I listened. "Do not go to-night Josephine. Do not leave me alone," muttered the old man. I thought I would not disturb him and passed on. The next morning I passed the same place. He was still there, with his eyes fixed in the same position; but he was silent. I approached him, he was cold and dead!

F— O what a devotion was exhibited, not only by the daughter, but the father. On the same rock, nearly forty years ago, his affectionate daughter's spirit went out, to meet her affianced in the Spirit Home. Louis' soul seemed entwined with hers, and for forty years he has seemed to enjoy a sweet and happy communion with hers, at the mouth of the great cave, where she laid down her mortal life. Where did you bury him?

Whitney. At the mouth of the cave, beside the remains of his daughter. Those that remained here, were present at the brief but appropriate funeral services, and many tears were shed as we arranged wreaths of vines and evergreens, and autumn leaves, to cover his grave.

F— [*Weeping.*] I became much attached to Louis Marsile. Although he had passed many years in retirement—in seclusion from society and the world, he retained much of the noble presence and courtly bearing of the nobility of France, among whom he was born and bred, and at times exhibited all the vivacity common to that people. Let us hope he is again united with the wife and daughter, and has found that social comfort and happiness for which he aspired, and which he hoped to enjoy with those sainted ones in the land of the hereafter.

[*End of Scene.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 2. *Leafy Temple. Meeting of the directors, officers and stockholders of the "Camp Ground & Wilderness," "Thousand Island," "Evergreen," "Improvement," and "Cedar Tie" companies. Slaughter, Livingstone, Dr. Philos, Fielding, Louis Phillippe and his party, Webb, Whitney, Russel, Brown, Anderson and others.*

Livingstone. Then our projects have all failed, and we are ruined,

Slaughter. For the first time, the Great Extraordinary Remedy has not succeeded. A reaction has taken place. Judges have got rich, and retired from the Bench. The Great Extraordinary Remedy has, under the reform in practice, been shorn of many of its original virtues. The mandatory clause has been discarded. It is now used merely, as a negative. It prevents action. The payments on subscriptions were small—the funds in the treasuries of the Companies, too small to make much show. Stockholders of the Ramshorn enjoined the issuing of the preferred stock, and the hard times completed the failure of our projects. I sank 500,000 in trying to carry it through. For the first time since the office 1001 Pine opened, with *Injunctions a Specialty*, there has been a failure of purpose.

Louis P. Is there no hope of that fortune?

George W. Of a hundred fortunes, you should say.

Dr. P. Yes of a million certain.

Leonidas. I want at least the one per cent I paid in.

Napoleon. I will have my fortune. [*Swings his fists around. All excited.*]

Slaughter. There is still hope my friends. Every man will get a fortune, yet. The primary cause of the failure was the want of coercive power in the Great Extraordinary Remedy, under the reform practice. What we wanted was something to compel action—to compel the issuing of the five millions by the Ramshorn. This would have secured the fortunes—would have secured each a million. But I have again been impressed, I might say inspired. The virtues of the Great Prerogative Writ of Mandamus, would have saved us. This Great Extraordinary Prerogative Process, has remained dormant during all the War of Injunctions. In fact it is almost unknown to the profession. It must be revived. It will become a great power in the making of fortunes. It can't be resisted, and it may command any act to be done that is necessary to make money. Instead of merely enjoining, it commands; and what it commands to be done, must be done! You will see its virtues, and the office it will perform. The office 1001 Pine, Judge Slaughter of Counsel, is preparing to change. We shall insert in the place of "*Injunctions a Specialty*," "*Mandamus a Specialty*." We will revive the Great Prerogative Writ, and our hopes are realized. There's a fortune—nay a hundred fortunes in it for each of us.

Webb. "Well fortune never come with both hands full,
But her fair words, still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,

Such are the poor in health, or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not.”

Slaughter. Ah, we shall have both hands full—a fortune—and enjoy it too. Injunctions, have it is, are declined. They have almost gone out of use. But my confidence and hopes, rest on the Great Extraordinary Prerogative Writ, *Mandamus*. The office 1001 Pine, will commence a new era, by the use of this Prerogative Remedy. Through its Mandatory power, you must receive what it commands—money! fortunes! honor! distinction! glory! Mark the inspired words of Slaughter, of Counsel, there’s a hundred fortunes in it.

Dr. P. I am encouraged.

Fielding. Your former success with “Injunctions a Specialty,” gives me confidence.

Livingstone. The Great Extraordinary Prerogative Writ of *Mandamus* must succeed. It originated in the exercise of Royal Power, and could command anything to be done. It is singular that the use of it has been neglected. There’s fortunes in it. Go on my inspired friend. Revive the practice and we are sure of fortunes yet.

Louis P. Bully for Judge Slaughter!

Napoleon. Hurra! for “Camp Ground & Wilderness.”

Geo. W. I stand by “Cedar Tie,” yet!

Leonidas. Now we are certain of a fortune!

Livingstone. We leave all with you, Judge. [*Rising to depart.*]

Leonidas. Three cheers for Judge Slaughter.

All. Hi! hip! hurra. Hip! hip! hurra. Hip! hip! hurra!

Slaughter. I accept the compliment. Remember Judge Slaughter of Counsel, office 1001 Pine, hereafter, “Mandamus a Specialty.”

[*Cheering.* All feel happy; and Louis P. and his friends and others, dance around with expressions of joy, shouting: “Fortunes!” “A hundred Fortunes!” “A million, sure!” “Hurra for a Fortune!”]

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 3. *An elevation on Evergreen, and a view of the St. Lawrence, and various islands. Webb, and Jerusha gazing upon them.*

Jerusha. What a lovely scene !

Webb. O, love makes everything lovely, *Jerusha.* Nature's charms are heightened by my love for you. Your eyes are brighter now. Your face is radiant with loveliness ! Lightness and elasticity are in your steps, and on your form grace and beauty sit enthroned ! But I hear music from afar. Like the sweet tones of the distant shepherd's lute, it floats upon the water. [*Listen.*] It is Sken-so-wa-ne's voice. Sit, *Jerusha!* and let the sounds of music creep in our ears and become the touches of sweet harmony. [*Sit down upon a bank. Sken-so-wa-ne appears in the distance, in her canoe, on the river, singing as she slowly approaches Evergreen.*

“ Away ! away ! the golden day
Beams brightly on the river.
And time beguiles where happy isles
Rest peacefully forever,
And smilingly forever.

Ever,
Where isles of green o'erlook the sheen
Of fair St. Lawrence river,
The silver sheen round isles of green
Upon St. Lawrence River.”]

Ah, there's the bird that soars and warbles. A happy, lovely bird !

[*Enter () Napoleon Van Duzen, and George Washington Philbrick.*]

Napoleon. Have you noticed Louis Phillippe on the river. He left the tent some time ago in his canoe, and we have been looking for him.

Webb. But why should you look for him? If he is ever drowned, it will be with wine, and not water.

Napoleon. His peculiar conduct and manners this morning, attracted our attention, and has excited our apprehension.

Webb. What was peculiar in them ?

Napoleon. Last night, in a little revel at our quarters, we rallied him, as was our custom, in reference to his loss of Stella, and his repulses by Sken-so-wa-ne, towards whom

he has recently manifested a tender attachment. He scarcely responded to our gibes. He failed to enjoy the jeers, which were severer than usual, in consequence. He did not sleep well last night, and this morning rose early, and was moody and taciturn. Dressing himself he wandered along the bank of the river, when he observed Sken-so-wa-ne, as she pushed her canoe from the shore, and glided away, among the islands. We watched him and also Sken-so-wa-ne, until she disappeared from view. He hastily returned, dispatched Sam, with one of the canoes to the American shore for some articles of food, and placing a revolver in his breast pocket, proceeded with the other canoe in the direction Sken-so-wa-ne had taken, and was soon lost to our sight.

George Washington. He seemed quite unnatural, and said but little. In moods of mental depression, I have heard him express a desire not to live longer.

Jerusha. It is strange, indeed. But there he is in his canoe, under the branches, at the head of the island over there. And there is Sken-so-wa-ne [*Sken-so-wa-ne and Louis are seen in their canoes.*] Louis is gliding across her track.

Webb. They collide, and he steps into her canoe. He assumes an imploring attitude. He certainly loves the Indian girl.

[*Webb turns his eyes to Jerusha, and they gaze at each other for a moment. Louis suddenly changes his attitude, and drawing a pistol from his breast pocket, fires it at Sken-so-wa-ne, as she rises from her seat. She falls into the river, holding her oar in her right hand. Without a struggle, she with the oar grasped, moves down with the current.*]

Napoleon. He has shot her! She is floating down the river, still holding to her oar!

[*Louis Phillippe immediately places the pistol to his breast and fires it, and falls into the river on the other side of the canoe.*]

Webb. There is another report, and he falls into the water. He is struggling! What shall we do?

George Washington. There are no boats near.

Jerusha. I will hasten to the mansion, and inform them.

Webb. Stay a moment. He has grasped the side of the canoe; and is trying to get in. Over it goes!

Jerusha. And he does not appear again! Do you notice him?

Webb. No! He has sunk out of sight. But the canoe, filled with water, is floating down.

Jerusha. Now I will hasten and report to Mr. Fielding.

[*Exit Jerusha* ()]

Napoleon. I still observe the body of Sken-so-wa-ne, with the oar. Is there no boat along this shore?

Webb. None that I know of. But if you will step down there and look for one, I will go to the other side, where I will be sure to find one, and hasten to the scene of the disaster.

[*Exeunt* () *End of Scene*]

ACT IV.

Act IV. Drawing room in the Fielding mansion on Evergreen. Mr. Fielding, Lovewell, and Stella and her infant, Lena, Whitney, Napoleon Van Duzen, Geo. Washington Philbrick, Leonidas Humbolt Jones, Maggy, Doctor Philos, Naomi and Solomon, Aunt Hanna, James Brown and Mrs. Brown, Anderson, Uncle Abe. Enter () *Webb.*

Fielding. This is indeed a sad calamity. Have you been to the scene of the disaster, Mr. Webb?

Webb. Yes. But some time passed after the occurrences, before I arrived there, and I discovered only the canoe of Louis Phillippe, which lodged against the island.

George W. From the observatory to which I hastened, I noticed at the head of the rapids a few miles below, what appeared to be the floating body of Sken-so-wa-ne, and something white near her, which might have been her oar. It soon reached the rapids and was lost to sight.

Fielding. I have sent a message to the chief of the tribe at St. Regis, informing him of the tragedy; deploring its occurrence, and expressing my sympathy for her friends. They will probably rescue the body from a watery grave before it reaches that village. I have also prepared a telegram for Louis' father, informing him of the murder of Sken-so-wa-ne, and the suicide of his son.

Webb. "One woe doth tread upon another's heels so fast they follow." It is quite time for a change. [*Enter Jerusha () advancing to Webb, and he takes her hand.*] Jerusha and I have become alarmed. Single men and maidens are in danger; and we are here to ask your consent to our union.

Fielding. You have it freely. Join hands and we will all witness the pledge.

[*Enter () Mr. Slaughter, Mrs. Slaughter, and their daughters, Susan and Jane, in gaudy apparel.*]

Fielding. Here comes Judge Slaughter, with his fortunes.

Slaughter. Yes. Here they are! [*Handing Jane to Napoleon; and Susan, to George Washington; and all advance toward the front. Dr. Philos, holding Naomi and Solomon by their hands.*]

Webb. [*With Jerusha.*] "All's well that ends well." My Jerusha! [*Embraces her.*]

Napoleon. [*With Jane.*] I have a fortune indeed. [*Embracing Jane.*]

George W. [*with Susan.*] I have another! [*Embraces, and kisses Susan.*]

Leonidas Humbolt. Where is mine?

Whitney. Take a hundred—in stock.

Maggy. Must I take mine in stock?

Aunt H. [*with uncle A.*] My cherubims!

Mr. Slaughter. [*with Mrs. S.*] 1001, Pine, Injunctions a Specialty! [*Embraces and kisses Mrs. S.*]

Mrs. S. 1001 pine injectings especially.

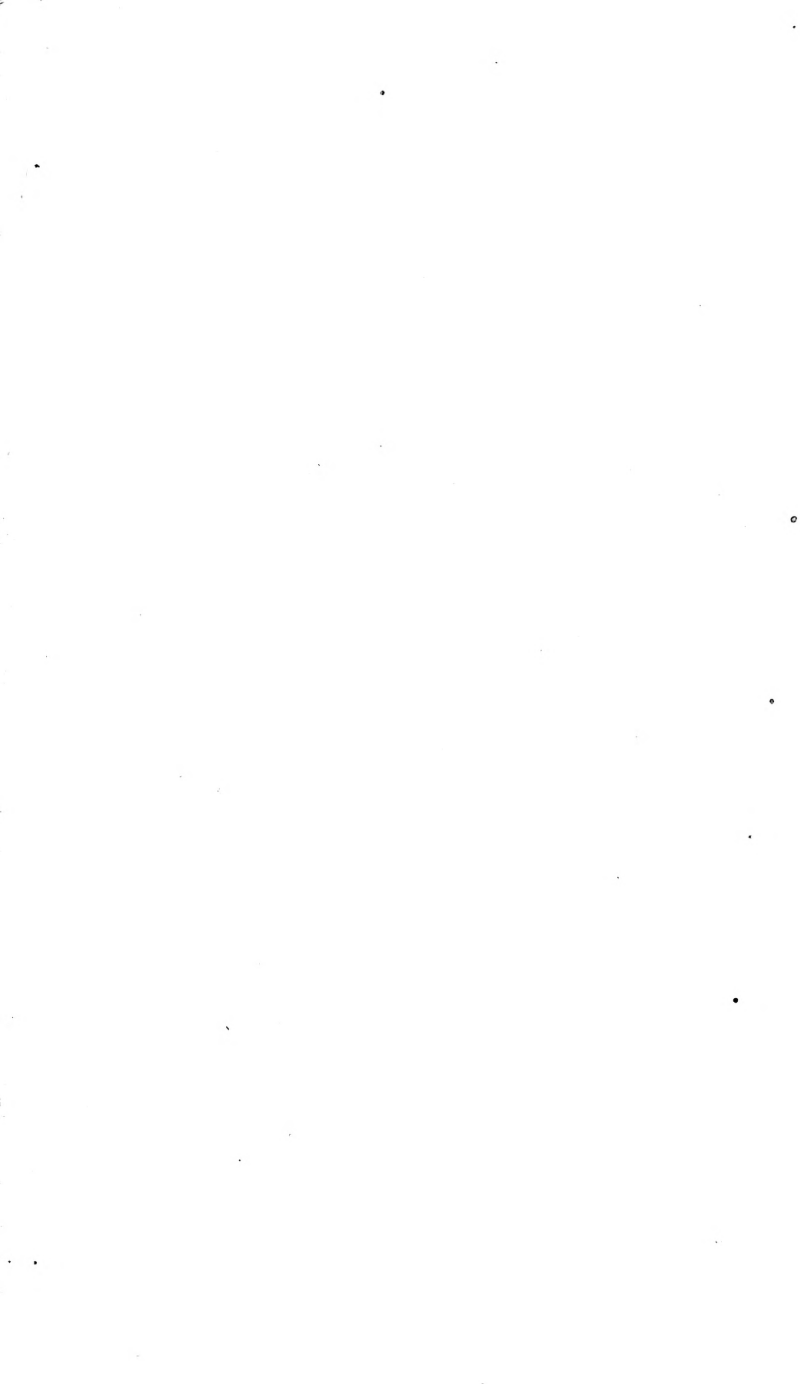
Lovevell. [*with Stella and the infant Lena.*] Our Lena, still!

[*Gazing at the child and kissing it.*]

Brown. [*Embracing Mrs. B.*] Where's our Ida?

Fielding. With Lena, in a life hereafter.

[*In the rear a grand tableau of spirit illusions and spiritual scenes—Lena, Sken-so-wa-ne, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Philos, Ida, and others. Anderson seated at one side, gazing at it. End of Drama.*]



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